THE

SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN



MARCH 1937

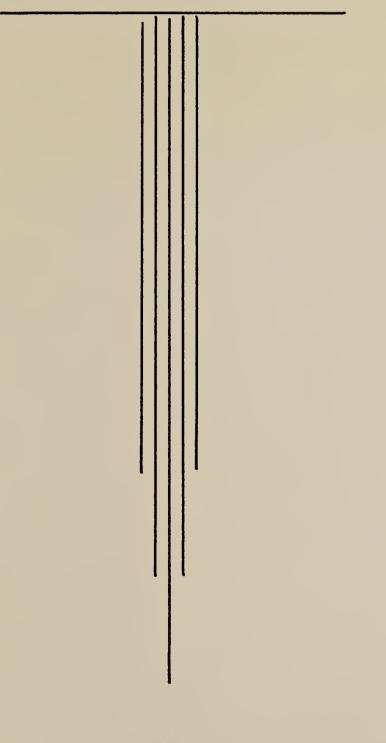






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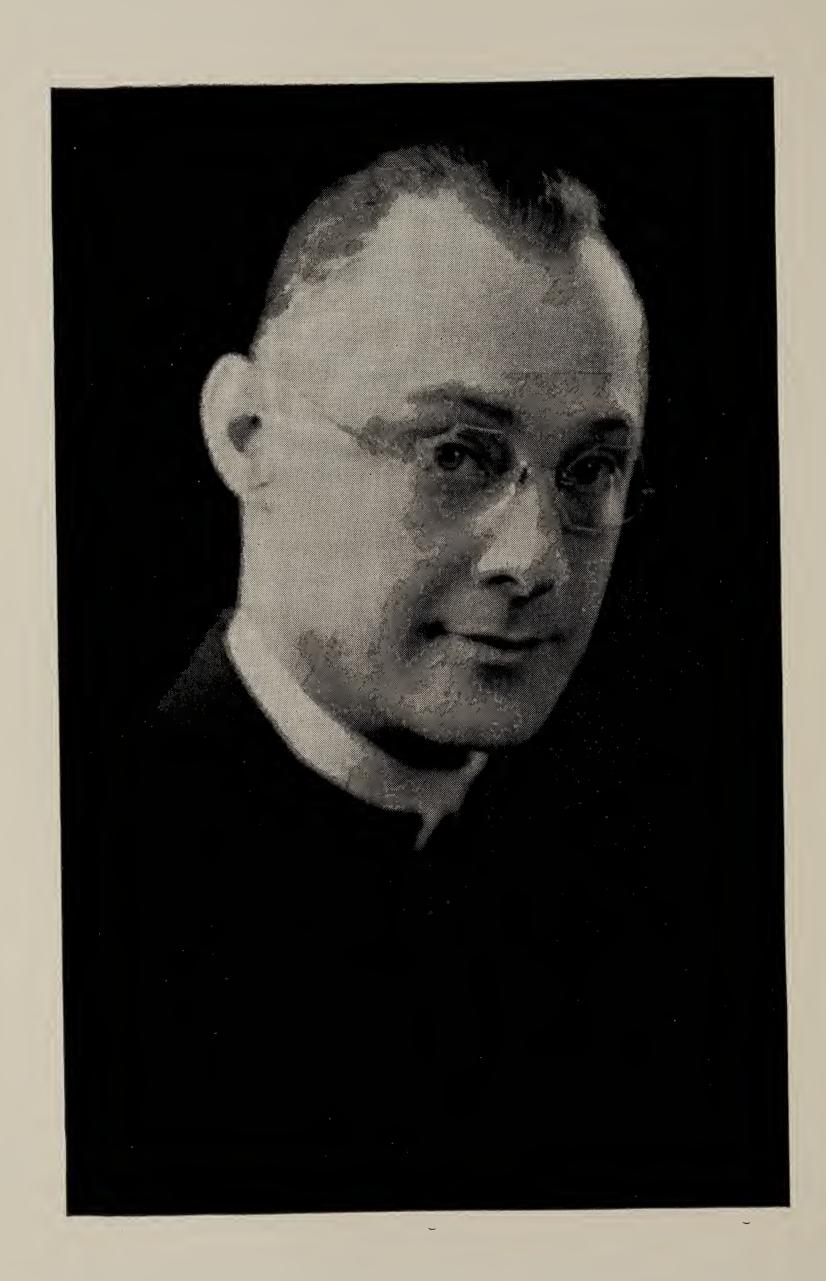
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THE ERA OF HOPE

As quietly as Father Kenkel ended his long period in office, just as unassumingly did the Rev. Rufus Esser, C.PP.S., M.A., succeed him February first. Having had experience as dean of students, as principal of the high school department, and during the last semester as dean of studies, Father Esser accepts the office of president of the college well trained for its duties. So competently has he filled his previous positions, to say nothing of his excellence as a teacher, that we await his achievements as president with hope equal to certainty. His exceptional ability as an organizer and his extraordinary capacity to work out conflicting details he will use to the fullest advantage in his new position. Now more than ever before does our college need a chief executive possessed with unerring judgment, skillful foresight, clear precision, and calm discretion to meet the problems of further expansion. All of these Father Esser possesses; these he will use to the extent of human endurance, for he is untiring and self-sacrificing in his efforts. May God bless him in all that he tries to do for St. Joseph's.

That, Father Esser, is our prayer as we congratulate you on your appointment and welcome you as our superior and trusted friend. We know that whatever you do will be done for us, and we pledge you now our co-operation.

THE PIONEER OF BROADWAY

By Edward Gruber '37

Behold the Broadway of 1937! Approaching this world-famous avenue of New York of an evening all the glamour and allurement of a modern thoroughfare gives forth a welcoming hand. Huge electric signs invite the traveler to stop. while flattering portraits of glorified stars entice him to witness the various performances. Costumed porters, stationed at the porticoes of the theatres, look on in a very dignified manner as the elite of the great metropolis come to witness the magnificent spectacles. Here truly is the acme of theater accomplishments; here the best of the playwrights stage their productions, the best of the directors supervise their productions, and the best of the players act their productions. Broadway is the goal of the ambitious youthful actor; it is the dream of the foreign actor; it is the haven of the recognized actor. In each and every phase of the dramatic art Broadway is supreme.

Success in any field of accomplishment, whether of thought or learning, travel or discovery, science or research, or even entertainment, is always preceded by hard and laborious years of pioneering. And so was the case of dramatic art and its presentation on Broadway. The foundation of the structure had to be erected before success could crown the work, and the stability of that foundation determined the height of the rest of the structure. In the person of Mr. Augustin

Daly we find the constructor of that foundation, which to this day upholds the giant edifice of Broadway, an edifice which is still climbing to greater and greater heights. Mr. Daly was the pioneer not only in giving to the actor, as a member of the artistic brotherhood, his proper place in society, but also in bringing the American manager and the American player to the serious attention of the rest of the world, and in making Broadway the acme of theater accomplishment. Before his time even stars were wont to seek the playhouse carrying their wardrobes on their backs; by paying the actor a salary sufficient to meet his needs Mr. Daly tended to transform him into a staid citizen of the commonwealth.

In his early boyhood the fascination and allurement of the theater laid hold of Daly, and then and there he began a life-long study of drama and its cognate activities. So rapidly did he become acquainted with the theater that while yet in his teens he was recognized in New York as an authoritative critic. Soon he began to adapt and translate plays, and before long he was even writing his own. But far more important to the theatrical world and to the world in general than his playwriting, was his ingeniousness as a director and manager. He was the pace setter, the precedent, of our modern directors and managers, who following in his footsteps, have formed, developed, and

preserved the best traditions of the stage, and have justified the claim of the theater to be numbered among the arts.

The singular success which Mr. Daly attained was logically the result of his constancy in the pursuit of high standards. From the first inclination to his career to its grand finale he regarded it not merely as a speculative means of making money, but also as an opportunity for the elevation of public taste by forcing all the sister arts to do service in the cause of popular entertainment. In the pursuit of this ideal he adorned the walls of the lobby of his theater with rare and costly paintings, etchings, and tapestries: on fancy pedestals he placed the busts of outstanding historic figures and other sculptured pieces; in the theater proper he entertained the public before and after the performance with selected orchestra numbers. Thus he borrowed the joy and pleasure from three of the sister arts and reflected it through the theater. Today all the above mentioned decorations and accessories are taken for granted, but in the days of Mr. Daly they were new; they were his creation, and people respected him for it and acknowledged his ingeniousness.

The secret of Daly's managerial success was strict, ironclad decorum. Whether in his own Broadway theater or elsewhere, whether at home or abroad, strict deportment was obligatory to the the members of his companies. Though he was a hard taskmaster, his employees realized that his demands were dictated by his unselfish service to high ideals, and they considered it a pleasure and a privilege to be under his tutorship and direction.

The celebated comedian, Otis Skinner, who entered the field of drama through

the guiding hands of Mr. Daly, gives a most interesting description of his director in his volume titled, Foot Lights and Spot Lights. "Augustin Daly", he says, "was a tall man who carried himself awkwardly and wore the same peculiar stiff black hat year after year, giving an annual order to his hatter for a new edition. No martinet was ever more strict in discipline and cast-iron rule. While he had able lieutenants, he left little but the veriest drudgery to them. He ran the entire establishment from the ticket office to the stage door. He was ubiquitous. At one moment he was on the paint frame, criticizing the work of the scenic artist, then in the property-room issuing orders for furniture, draperies and bric-a-brac, and his trail could be followed into the costume shop, the carpenter shop, to the business office whose windows over-looked Broadway, and then plunging back again into his own private den in the rear to the labors of play-writing, work with his translator, and the thousand and one things that were crammed into each of his twentyfour hours. His capacity for work was limitless."

Religion with him was a matter of ever-present obligation. He was a devout and sincere Catholic, charitable beyond expectation. He was the friend of the friendless, as his annual donations for more than a quarter of a century to a Catholic Orphan Asylum and various other charitable institutions irrespective of creed attest. The memorial altar in St. Patrick's Cathedral, the bell in its chimes, and the baptistery in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, are among the yet visible proofs of his generous spirit.

Most interesting in the life of this man aside from his career as stage director

and manager is the hobby which he cultivated. Intensely interested in books and works of art, it became his hobby to collect portrait paintings and other art objects, together with rare editions and publications of famous books. His study room was replete in all that savored of art and letters. From the book-lined walls portraits of Shakespeare, Rare Ben Jonson, Macready, and Kean looked down. Here he dipped into his favorite first editions of Lamb — said to be the rarest group collected by an individual in America — or arranged in order the various objects of his collections.

But the most fabulous of all his extracurricular activities is the story of his bible. Acknowledging the fact that the Bible is the book of books, he thought it worthy of extra-fine decorations and binding; so he took his volume of the holy book apart and enriched it by inserting numerous paintings, etchings, engravings, and mezzotints. No print shop of the old or new world escaped his vigilant search for pictures. It was his purpose to make his bible a compendium of every nation's artistic conception of the Old and New Testaments. In this and all his undertakings in the field of art expense was not considered. His extravagance was the marvel of his friends and associates. Often Bibles of rare and costly editions were purchased, then torn apart solely to secure one or more prints that he desired to illustrate a certain passage.

When his collection was completed and the Bible was rebound it consisted of forty-two folio volumes, and is said to have cost approximately eighteen thousand dollars.

Present-day observers of the theater might be interested to know why the name of Augustin Daly, so outstanding a figure in the theater only a little more than a quarter of a century ago, is so rarely mentioned by modern writers on the subject. The reason for this is found in the character of the man himself. It is almost unbelievable, the way Daly, a man of such wide-reaching influence and importance, succeeded in concealing his inner self from the prying eyes of the public. He was always a man of few words and even fewer intimacies. All New York knew Daly the director and Daly the manager, but only a chosen few knew Daly the man. His reserve and privacy were so pronounced that when he died his character likewise died, leaving facts and accomplishments without a soul. Before long even his accomplishments were forgotten, and the rapidly growing theater which he had so effectively stimulated soon buried him entirely in its avalanche of success.

In the eyes of the public Augustin Daly is a forgotten man, but in the hearts of his actors, associates and friends he still lives as the master director. Broadway cannot and will not forget its hardy pioneer.



ALMOST LOST

By Richard Trame '38

Synopsis: After the death of her mother, Ina Bantley finds herself quite alone in life. Wholly by accident she meets a charming intern, Doctor Dave Luxen, who falls madly in love with her. Ina rejects his proposal and hastily decides to visit New York. In New York Ina meets the distinguished Mrs. Charlotte L'Ardell and through her acquaintance gets invited to Jeanne Carlson's party. Later that night Ina is awakened from her sleep to give shelter to a drunken young man who is looking for her friend, Mrs. L'Ardell. When finally the intruder becomes sober he persuades Ina into permitting him to show her the city. The young man proves to be Thomas Keller, a prominent storywriter. Their case is one of love at sight which rolls along smoothly until Hal Carford reveals to Ina that Tommie's former lady love has returned from Europe.

PART FOUR (Conclusion)

When they were alone on the floor Tommie whispered, "Don't listen to him. He has been drinking again."

"Did this Miss Leonards really go to Europe because you broke her heart?" asked Ina quizzically.

"We were close friends, but she got too serious, and — well, she went to Europe for a vacation," replied Tommie very unconvincingly.

Hal claimed Ina for the next dance

and amazed her with his ease and agility of movement. "Miss Bantley, you are truly attractive. No wonder Tommie fell for you. Beautiful women were always his weakness."

Ina felt like stopping this insidious prattle, but her womanly curiosity urged her to learn all she could.

"Tommie has dropped more women cold than Bing Crosby has slain with his crooning," continued Hal. "Nail him fast, sister; he's terribly slippery."

Like a knife these sneering words bit into Ina's innocent heart. Surely Tommie — her Tommie was not a Casanova. Yet one of his best friends had certainly depicted him as such.

Some minutes later on the false plea of a headache Ina suggested going home. During the ensuing drive neither seemed anxious to speak. They simply made conversation, cognizant of the fact that an ant hill was slowly growing into a mountain.

When finally back in her apartment, Ina plunged bluntly into the fray. "Tommie, what happened between you and Miss Leonards?"

"Well, to be frank, she wanted to get married and I didn't."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't intend to marry anyone," he answered crossly.

As if struck in the face Ina slumped

onto the divan, mumbling weakly, "Not marry anyone."

"Please, dear, don't misunderstand me. I do love you," Tommie interposed pleadingly. "I love being near you. I love the idea of being married, but when I think of you and me as — Mr. and Mrs. Keller — it just sounds different."

"But why, darling?" she pleaded. "We must get to the bottom of this foolish complex that you have."

"Yes," agreed Tommie. Then being grieved because he had ruined their gay evening, he took her hands in his and drew her closely to himself. Like a flash Hal's words came back to Ina. Looking back ever their brief romance there was something essentially wrong with Tommie's attitude toward her.

"Dear, please explain yourself."

Still retaining a firm hold of her hands he began. "From my own observation all true love seems to end when life brings familiarity, when love has to struggle against hardship. Love should never be that way. My dear, love can only live and bloom in the abundance of beauty which is found only in money and freedom. Love has no real strength of its own; it's too much like an orchid — beautiful but delicate."

"Tommie, where did you get all these terrible ideas of life? Why darling, if it were not for marriage, you and I would not be here talking about such crazy things."

"I understand that, only I'm rather discouraged and soured about marriage. I mean that people never seem quite as happy when they have been married for a while. My father and mother weren't happy, and they divorced."

"It all argues the other way to me," Ina insisted. "If we see the mistakes others make, we can avoid them."

"There isn't any reason to believe that we shall be wiser than anybody else," Tommie replied steadily. "At least, I know I'm not."

"Your parents aren't everybody, Tommie," she argued bitterly.

At this rebuke Tommie grew angry. "Can you honestly point to one really contented married couple? Be truthful now, Ina. What about your own parents?" he challenged tensely.

"They seemed all right," answered Ina humbly.

"Is that the best you can say for them?"

This open assault against the sanctity of marriage and the role played by her parents in that sacred pageant caused a burning flame of anger to seize Ina's tongue. "Thomas Keller, if those are your opinions about marriage you can leave my apartment immediately. "Why you — you — ."

"Ina, please, let's be sensible," he pleaded.

"Get out of here and don't ever let me see you again. Never. Do you understand? Never!"

"I'm sorry everything happened this way," apologized Tommie as he slowly retreated toward the door. "Please let me explain."

"No."

The bang of the closing door cooled Ina's anger like a gust of fresh air. Weak from overexertion she fell limply onto the davenport, drowning her choking sobs in a large pillow.

After some minutes had passed she

righted herself. Then gradually she lay back again looking plaintively at the feelingless ceiling and listening to the strained echoes of that evening. The absurdity of Tommie's words shocked her; yet that did not appease the ache in her heart.

She sighed a little, then prepared herself for bed.

For hours she lay still and hard in her bed thouroughly convinced that she was right. She had been an episode, a pleasant episode perhaps, in Tommie's life, but nothing more. Her kisses and childish trust were just a soothing balm to his much flaunted egotism and pampered pride. Ina was poignantly grateful that finally she had learned the true state of affairs. To her Tommie's words suggested that they become merely lovers. At last she slept, waking often, glad when morning came so she could get up. She rose, dressed and immediately set about carrying out her plan of returning to Motton.

She was still sleepily afoot in her dressing gown when the telephone rang. It was Tommie, who wanted to make an issue of the previous night.

"Darling, I'm sorry about last night. I was stubbornly stupid about explaining what I meant. I don't ever want to discuss it again. Please come for lunch today and we'll see some more of the city tonight."

Ina would not at once be restored. "We must talk, Tommie. You simply must see where you are wrong."

"No. Let's forget it."

" We can't."

Desperately Ina tried to check his argumentativeness, but when he insisted on dropping the matter she casually announced her intention of going home.

"But Ina, you can't leave now. New

York is really a great city, and I don't know anyone who has responded to it better than you have." He used every argument at his disposal excepting the one that might have told with her. "Stay."

Ina finally broke off the conversation by saying, "Isn't it time that you got to work?"

"It's high time, but I can't work without your help."

"I'm sorry, Tommie. I simply must go," rejoined Ina. "Write to me if you find time, and thanks a million for everything. Say good-bye to your father for me. Good-bye, Tommie, and thanks." She hung up hurriedly before her strength would break and she would tell him too much.

All morning Ina was terribly busy packing and writing to her sister that she was finally returning. Through all this feverish haste she shrank from the situation in her own mind. Here she was, the spinster, brokenheartedly predestined speeding homeward after a glorious and adventurous ten weeks' vacation in New York. With determined effort she braced her shoulders. No use shirking that either. She knew that now she could face anything. Nor would she let herself hope that Tommie would call again. But the shrill ring of the telephone melted her heart. It was Mr. Keller.

"Ina, may I call on you in about an hour?" he asked.

"Certainly."

In less than an hour the gray but erect gentleman strode into her apartment. Characteristically he plunged into the middle of the trouble. "Tommie told me you were leaving and why. Ina, I

frankly believe that you are doing the best thing for yourself and for Tommie. For awhile I had hopes that you might change him, but I suppose that is hopeless. It is my fault, I know, for my married life was anything but pleasant. Ina dear, do go home and forget Tommie completely. Get yourself a good man. But if you ever need a friend, remember me."

"Th — thank you, Mr. Keller."

Then with a fatherly embrace he was gone. After his departure Ina sat before her open window to inhale a little of nature's vital strength. This sunshine, she thought soberly, was the coldest light she had ever seen. The people below, hurrying back and forth, seemed like lifeless marionettes. Quickly she grabbed her hat and joined the motley crowd. Soon she too was moving automatically with the throng, entering a restaurant, ordering her lunch, and eating in spite of the lump that constantly rose in her throat.

Throughout a seemingly endless afternoon she worked frantically. As the heavy sunlight faded into the grayness of evening, she again put on her hat and slipped out into the gathering dusk. She passed through streams of walking people, but saw no one. Her tired mind was filled with that one obsession that tomorrow she was going home and Tommie was being taken forever from her life.

Early the following morning she started on her homeward journey. Three days later found her felicitously welcomed by the family circle. She was literally swamped with questions concerning her extended visit in the world metropolis. In doleful humor she answered their queries, while the thorn in her aching heart grew sharper and more bitter.

Later in Gene's room Ina was quite startled, for her brother bluntly asked, "Sis, what happened in New York that makes you cast such a lingering, longing look behind?"

Momentarily she was flustered, but quickly regaining her composure she openly confessed her trouble. As she finished Gene softly patted her warm hand saying, "Dave is dying to see you again."

The next day Ina received a call from Dave and readily accepted his eager invitation to dinner and afterward a dance. Promptly at curfew the young doctor ushered Ina off to Sunset Inn, where they dined, danced, and inhaled the pungent balm of the autumnal breeze. As the evening wore on Ina became bored, and as each slow minute passed she condoned her folly of accepting Dave's invitation. She well realized that it wasn't fair to herself or to Dave.

When at last they were alone sitting before a low open fire, Dave took her hands and looked into her eyes and said steadily, "Did your vacation have its desired effect?"

With quickening pulse she looked away, while her eyes filled with tiny, wistful tears. "Yes, Dave, you were right," she said, but in her heart she cried silently, agonizingly. "I must forget Tommie. I must forget him."

That night Ina slept less deeply than ever she had in New York and woke utterly hostile to the new day. Yet on the surface she seemed to be contented and could ask no more of life than this: to rise with the sun, pass the hours in leisurely doing her work, then prepare herself for the evening. It was, however, the night that brought the trouble to her. For awhile, a very little while, it was

simple enough to answer Dave's imperiousness peacefully and silently; yet the night did not fulfill her heart's desire.

Sometimes it proved comparatively easy to say, "Certainly I love you, Dave." Then again she could only smile sadly — and say nothing. All this while inside herself she dreaded the inevitable moment when she must frankly answer his question — "Will you marry me, Ina?"

Thanksgiving Day practically undid her carefully planned duplicity. She and Dave had planned for Thanksgiving for quite some time. They were to attend the big Motton-Sparfield Football Game in the afternoon, dine at Sunset Inn, dance all night.

Immediately after the game Ina sensed Dave's intensity of feeling and anxiously feared the outcome of their seemingly innocent night together.

During dinner Dave suddenly asked, "Happy?"

Frantically she cast about in her mind, but could think of nothing better than to say weakly, "Very."

"Look, darling, I can't wait much longer. Will you marry me?"

"Oh, Dave, can't you possibly give me just a little more time?"

"I have given you a great amount of time already," he answered stoutly.

In silence she waited, thinking hard. How could she explain to him about Tommie? She could not bear to have Dave think her a flirt. She was not. She was — but how could she possibly explain this delicacy to a man whom she barely understood, who really didn't understand her. Dave's confidence and trust nearly undid her firm resolution to tell him everything.

Again it was his persistence that came

like the wind and swept her out of her concentrating stillness. "Come, darling," he said eagerly; "I've been waiting for your answer ever since you returned from New York."

Taking her sinking courage gamely in hand, Ina began to explain everything. "Dave, while I was in New York I fell in love with another. I've been trying desperately to forget him, but —."

"Pardon me, please, but there is a gentleman waiting to see Miss Ina Bantley in the lobby," interrupted the waiter.

"Who is he?" asked Ina quickly.

"A Mr. Howard Creighton, Miss."

"Excuse me, Dave; I must see who this can be," answered Ina, grateful for the interruption.

As she followed the waiter to the foyer her mind was busily trying to recall the name of Howard Creighton.

"There he is, Miss. The tall gentleman near the check room."

One look at the broad shoulders was all Ina needed. With a rush she ran to greet the waiting stranger.

"Tommie — Tommie, I knew you would come."

Her words were smothered under the warm impress of his lips. "Darling, I simply had to come."

"Why did you wait till just today?"

"Don't you remember the hero of my new book became reconciled to his love on Thanksgiving Day?"

"You waited that long just to try me?"
"No, darling. It took me that long to
see where I was wrong and you were
right."

"Tommie, you almost lost me by waiting that long," smiled Ina happily.

"We both almost lost, but love always wins in the end," said Tommie as the check girl handed him Ina's hat and coat.

THIS SIDE

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By Paul Zeller '38

CHARACTERS

Roland Anthony - - - - - - - - - - - Author Rosaline Darr - - - - - - - - - His Secretary Jerome Cripp - - - - - - - His Literary Agent

PLACE: A New York suburb.

Time: A spring morning at about nine o'clock.

SCENE

The office in Roland Anthony's home. To the left is a large mahogany desk, placed at an angle. At the end of the desk is a waste paper basket. On the left wall is a large door with drapes. Up stage C. are large French windows with drapes that can be closed and opened with two large tassel cords which hang to the L. Out of this window can be seen the sky and also a delicate iron balustrade which encircles the balcony. On the R. wall is a door similar to the one on the L. Down stage from the door, close to the wall, is a delicate over-stuffed chair. Down stage, somewhat R., is a large Morris chair, while in the left corner is a liquor cabinet. Everything represents the best of taste. The Morris chair, however, by its size and inviting comfort, looks a little out of place.

Description of Cast: Roland Anthony is about forty years old. He is handsome. His black hair and mustache are streaked with gray. His face bespeaks frequent dissipation.

Rosaline Darr is a good-looking brunette about thirty years old. Her nature bespeaks wisdom and understanding.

Jerome Cripp is rather good-looking, yet ordinary. He is about thirty years old.

AT CURTAIN RISE

Sun is streaming through window at C. Rosaline is seated at the desk looking through the letters when a "yoo-hoo' is heard from the outside. Looking up, she smiles when Jerome enters R.

Rosaline: You again?

Jerome: Yes, dear. The sacred portals are always open to Jerome Cripp. Even the servants are wise to that.

ROSALINE: Is that so hard to understand?

JEROME: sits down in Morris chair and swings one leg over the arm of the chair with all the show of importance. It is, if you know old man Anthony.

ROSALINE: Well, you don't know him, and furthermore I don't like the idea of your referring to him as "old man Anthony."

THIS SIDE

- JEROME: waving his cigar. Aw, he's not in hearing distance. sits up with surprise. Say, you're not getting stuck on that guy, are you?
- ROSALINE: I'm not falling in love with him, if that's what you mean, but I've always aspired to be his friend. And you won't be such a relishing dish to his mental make-up if he ever hears your none too commendable remarks.
- JEROME: Well, I don't mean it, and he knows that. Do you think he would treat me so white if he didn't trust me? Do you think he would almost literally give me the freedom of his house? Those sacred walls of which only the vision of the outside is permitted to anyone? Me! a literary agent.
- Rosaline: Well, you're his literary agent. He most probably intends to instill some of his literary art into your skull, but I'm afraid he picked the wrong type. shrugs shoulders. Yet you're one of the very few that gave him any trust, of at least the kind of trust he wanted.
- JEROME: scratches head. He certainly is a peculiar fellow. So you say it's trust that he demands from his friends?
- ROSALINE: Yes, and that is why he has so few friends. It really simmers down to just you and me, I guess.
- JEROME: with more interest yet. Well, just what kind of trust is required?
- ROSALINE: Infinite trust, Jerry, infinite trust.
- JEROME: rather unbelieving and with the attitude of thinking the whole business is foolish. My golly, has just this trust business caused him to become drug crazy?
- ROSALINE: I'm afraid it's just the lack of finding that trust in others that he turned out this way.
- JEROME: Hmmm. It's just that I think a lot of you that I never said a word about him. Ever since you sort of promised to marry me you've held me under that strict oath. But just the same I think it's foolish.
- ROSALINE: Well, it's not.
- JEROME: I'll be darned if it makes sense to me. Well, Rosaline, the *Star* is waiting for me. *rises*. I'll have to be getting along. Are you going to give me a kiss before I rush out?
- Rosaline: showing distaste for his kisses. We're not married yet, Jerry.
- Jerome: shrugs his shoulders and turns to leave. Be good. As he is going through the curtains of the door he bumps into Anthony who was about to come through. Anthony looks very pale. He wears a lounging robe. Cripp draws back a bit flustered to give entrance to Anthony. Oh! Pardon me.
- ROLAND: he appears worn out. That's all right. Going to work, Jerry?
- JEROME: I'm going to the Star to give them the line-up on your new book.
- ROLAND: On "Collections of Anthony's Poems"?
- JEROME: becoming a little more confident in himself. That's the one, all right, Mr. Anthony. And I'm going to give it such a swell write-up in all the New York papers that you'll have to have any number of editions printed.
- Roland: sits down in Morris chair and stretches out his legs for more comfort. I don't know as that's so necessary. I played up to a lot of those mugs when I first started writing. I needed money then and I got it. So I'm going to write what I want whether anyone wants to buy it or not.
- JEROME: I'll always give you good write-ups though. he plays nervously with his hat as he backs toward the door. I guess I had better be getting along.

ROLAND: Well, good luck. Jerry exits. To Rosaline. He's become a pest.

ROSALINE: Is he now? How is that?

Roland: I don't imagine you would understand. on second thought. Yet you might. You know, independence to a man means an awful lot. Very few people really have it.

ROSALINE: I think I see. picks up papers from the desk, rises and deposits them in a basket at the side of the desk. It would seem that Mr. Cripp is becoming too free in expressing his ideas to you. sits again at desk.

ROLAND: That's it exactly.

Rosaline: I feel sorry for you. They really don't amount to much, and they must certainly be boring to you.

Roland: Well, that's neither here nor there. rises and goes to liquor cabinet. I had the finest idea for a poem last night — all night long. pours a half glass of whiskey into which he drops several pills. And I must try to get it out.

ROSALINE: Must you really take that to get it out? she points to the glass.

Roland: Say, it looks like you give your ideas quite often also. shrugs shoulders and returns. Yet I guess I don't mind them because you've worked with me here ten years now. seats himself. Guess I never noticed them before.

Rosaline: quite solicitous for his welfare. I do wish you could write without its aid.

Roland: resuming his old position. I'll have to fire you yet. Sits up and gazes with with desire at the glass in his extended hand and finally gulps the mixture down. Miss Darr catches her breath. Anthony, with the satisfaction of a much needed stimulant, wryly smiles, falls back into his chair and tosses the thin glass into the air. It lands and breaks several feet R. of him. Ha! Ha! Ha! His laugh dies and he sinks back into his chair. A long pause follows while Miss Carr gazes at him, yet understandingly. Finally, almost from another world, Anthony speaks. And still I trust no man.

ROSALINE: rises and goes to Anthony's side. She stoops and grasps his hand. Ah! But you trust someone.

Roland: gives a little curious laugh. Perhaps I do, perhaps I do. Laughs again. I should trust you, laughs again you've been with me ten years now.

ROSALINE: sitting on her heels, gazing into his sparkling, let half-closed eyes. She speaks slowly. Why don't you trust anyone, Mr. Anthony?

Roland: showing a little fear. Not now Rosaline, not now. More calmly. I have a thought to tell thee, Rosaline. — A thought to tell

Like the sweet fragrance of a flower to smell,

Like a long meadow of green to see,

I must tell it all to thee,

My thought to tell. Anthony uses dreamy gestures throughout.

Rosaline: That's beautiful, Mr. Anthony.

ROLAND: Ah! But do you know why?

Rosaline: No. — — Why?

Roland: Because — because it's the "In-Between." He laughs. Yes, the "In-Between"——

It is sad when the red sinks into space below, And when the black comes on Leaving yet in a farther corner Yellow and blue blending,

THIS SIDE

It is half night and half day. Like the storm approaching, Black clouds mixing with fleecy white, And clear blue showing off and on in the cloud crevices, The heavy breezes blow the trees in a slow swinging motion. Like winter approaching, Leaves half green, half brown, The sun less strenuously working, How I have pondered o'er that fame Which today is sadly weak and lame. How it soared in gaudy youth Far above the highest roof. It's banner furled o'er heads of men, 'Twas the ambition of a thousand ten, But since has grown sick and pale, Is it thus that now I fail? No, with fire I shall seize those reins again, I'll have ambition of a million men — But recall! 'Tis this side. Now o'er the world hardships we scan, Can I not take it like a man? Must I lie prostrate on these sands? No, arise and wash thy hands, Climb again that unscaled mount, Drink again its fresh and flowing fount, Scan to its highest top. 'Till gotten do not stop. Then look down o'er that straight and narrow line Thy tired head, white with success, recline — For 'tis only this side, this side.

Curtain starts to fall — very slowly

Yes, regain thy lost ambitions, Trample down all oppositions, And o'er that sweet refreshed sheet Thy straight hopes try to complete. Call for help upon Him alone, His help solely with thine intone. With thrusts of sturdy steel Chilled breezes blowing Streams murmuring and sparkling, From them coolness descending, The grass — dying. Is it sad, is this death? No, 'tis new life, new bliss, The time of deepest thoughts — profound emotions — Yet clearest thinking. It is the "In-between" I seek. 'Tis the "In-between" that brings me From untrue, flourishing joys, That drags me from the lowest discouragements To true thoughts, true life, It brings me "In-between." His eyes close.

Rosaline: You're "In-between" now? I mean, a little abashed you're not just like you would be when you're normal and sane, and you're — you're not just, well, completely "out"? Is this why you.... Noticing his apparent lack of attention she shakes his hand which she holds. Mr. Anthony. She sees he is unconscious. Leaping to her feet she screams. MR. ANTHONY!!! she becomes very nervous and quickly feels for his pulse. There is a certain relief to find the heart still beating. Thank God. Mr. Cripp comes in.

JEROME: Did I leave my pad in here, Rosaline?

ROSALINE: running to him. Oh! Jerry, thank God, you're here.

JEROME: What's the —

Rosaline: Mr. Anthony has become unconscious.

JEROME: From the drugs?

ROSALINE: Yes, yes.

JEROME: Well, that's nothing unusual, is it?

Rosaline: Oh, he's gone out before, but his heart never beat that slowly.

JEROME: his eyes widen. Well, why don't you call a doctor. Rushes toward the phone on the desk.

ROSALINE: rushes to him and holds him back. No! Don't do that.

JEROME: mystified. Well, for Lord's sake, why not?

Rosaline: Because I promised him never to let anyone see him after he had taken drugs.

JEROME: But we can't leave him there like that. You can't tell what might happen. He goes to the L. of Anthony and listens at the position of his heart. Can't hear it. Rosaline gives a little scream. Cripp puts his hand over Anthony's heart. It's going, all right, but awful slow. Be sensible, dear, and let me handle this. Walks toward phone.

ROSALINE: goes a step L. as if to hold him back. No, you musn't, Jerry.

JEROME: What's the matter; don't you trust me?

Rosaline: You just want this to get into the papers to advertise Mr. Anthony more. At least I have reason to suspect that. Jerome walks to the phone, picks it up. Miss Darr leans against the edge of the desk with her head in her hands, sobbing.

JEROME: I'll take care of all this, dear. I know what I'm doing. Just as Cripp is ready to speak into the phone, Anthony is heard to say softly: Rosaline, Rosaline,

Rosaline: hurries to his side, where she kneels, holding his hand. What is it Roland? She turns a sharp look on Cripp. Get out of here now. Hurry. Cripp appears surprised to hear such a commanding tone. He immediately turns and shuffles off L. in a hurry.

ROLAND: softly. Rosaline, Rosaline, Rosaline.

ROSALINE: What is it, Roland? Searching his face very much with her own. Please, Roland; please, please. What is it?

ROLAND: Rosaline — my dear.

ROSALINE: with surprise. Yes, Roland!

ROLAND: Rosaline — are you here?

ROSALINE: I'm right at your side, holding your hand.

Roland: slightly turning his head towards her. I must have gone out.

Rosaline: You did go out (quickly adding), but you'll be all right, Roland.

THIS SIDE

ROLAND: You say you're holding my hand? ROSALINE: breathing heavily. Yes, Roland.

Roland: Do you like to hold my hand? Rosaline blushes and loosens her tight grip. Oh! I don't mean that. What I mean is — he looks directly at her. I mean, do you love me? Oh! Don't answer me, Rosaline; I know you couldn't, but people have always betrayed, except when I became famous. Then they did it less openly. You see, Rosaline, I've lived by myself for ten years, now, rarely going anywhere. I hated people. Almost naturally then I took to drugs. Wincing. Ah, yes, I know I've done wrong. It is not excusable. Pause. And I know you can't love me. You wouldn't love a man like me. In agony. Oh, I shouldn't have told you. Forgive me.

ROSALINE: But Roland, I do love you. Oh, I've loved you for so long. What I shan't forgive you for is for not telling me sooner.

Roland: puzzled. But Rosaline, you can't love me. Not me. Oh, you're so good, so fine.

ROSALINE: Oh, but I do, Roland, I do.

ROLAND: in surprise. What about Jerry! Don't you love him?

ROSALINE: I do not.

ROLAND: But you and he were —

Rosaline: Yes, I know. I did rather like him. I never thought you could care. But then, after he thought he had me, I could see in him an overpowering husband. I could see conceit, selfishness. Those to me are much worse. You have always been kind.

ROLAND: Then what do you demand of me? What must I do, dear, before you will take me?

ROSALINE: Not a thing, dear. You trust me. That is all you ask. That is all I ask.

ROLAND: I — a fiend — never.

ROSALINE: You're not a fiend.

ROLAND: I am dear — a drug fiend. I couldn't go to you this way.

ROSALINE: You may be a fiend, but you won't be, dear.

ROLAND: I shall always be. I've been one too long.

ROSALINE: But you can cut down slowly, day by day. DeQuincy changed.

ROLAND: That's right, DeQuincy did. But I'm not as good as DeQuincy.

Rosaline: protesting. You're every bit as good.

ROLAND: with much feeling. Oh! If I only could. If I only could.

Rosaline: Oh! You can and you shall. Every day you are going to take just a little less. Little by little you'll cut down, and finally — no more. You can trust me. I'll show you others to trust. The Lord only knows, they're few. I know what you demand of your friends. You want a friend who will remain a friend even when it is materially bad for him to do so. You want people who will stick by you as you would stick by them. You want trustworthiness. I know what you want, Roland. Put all your trust in me and you shall have it.

Roland: sinking back in great pleasure. Ah! My dear, I believe you; I will; I love you. Long pause.

ROSALINE: notices that Anthony is in deep thought. She looks on him with great

pleasure. Finally she ventures softly. What are you thinking of, Roland?
Roland: I was thinking of my life. Takes a deep breath. I was ambitious when I was a boy, very. People kept disappointing me with their fickleness, their falseness. False praise to gain their own end; false pride for proud delight. Oh, they were fools, all of them. They laugh at others, but not with them. When away, they curse their fellowmen; when with them they praise them. Oh! The shallowheaded fools. And then success came. I closed myself up with drugs, knowing all the time that my ambitions were not correctly realized, because no matter how high a man might climb on this worldly mountain, he is still on this side of the real, the true thing. That side is not reached until death, and I had almost lost that side by my habit —. And then God was so kind. He made me love. He made me love one who is going to snatch that habit away, and at death that one, as a reward, will lay "that side" in my eager, yet weak arms. Long pause. Ahhh; — Very softly with gestures of arms.

Here I am, thinking, thinking, thinking,
'Tis not fatal, futile clinking,
But is flowing smooth and round,
Like a racy breeze profound.
In that mental fermentation,
I, ambitious thoughts am sowing,
Would they were already growing
To that mountain of my dreaming,
To success and fame now only beaming —
But 'tis only this side.
Ambition's forces reveal,
And then when on that highest earthly peak,
Remember, there is one higher yet to seek —
For 'tis only this side.

THE END.

OFFERTORY
by
Edward Gruber '37

I thought it was left to priests alone To lift the chalice up to God Until I saw adoring Nature Raising tulips through the sod.

LOVE IN THE WEST

By Robert Scheiber '39

Soft breezes again played about the towering pines of Sunset Valley, for it was spring. Spring meant that the mountain passes would no longer hold back the Jones family from the outside world. In fact Sally Jones, daughter of John and Mary Jones, had already braved the rather soggy mountain passes to go to Rockville, the only town that could boast a post office within twenty miles. Although Rockville at its best held no more than five hundred inhabitants it seemed gigantic to this lovely daughter of the West.

Sally, turned twenty this very spring, was everything that an attractive girl should be. Her golden locks touched her small shoulders and covered full red cheeks, whose beauty was heightened by the sparkle of large, blue eyes. Quite naturally she made those town boys stare when she walked down the main street; but Sally's thoughts were of Jim Bornby, who lived on the largest ranch in the state of Wyoming. Old Joe Bornby's ranch was estimated to be at least two thousand acres.

"It's only Jim I love," she told herself many times. More than that she had promised to marry him as soon as he was established on his proposed ranch.

Today Sally was in Rockville for the first time since she had attended the annual rodeo with Jim. She had made this trip to buy some new clothes for her mother and herself. After purchasing these she decided to cross over to Smitty's

Sweete Shoppe for a little candy. Freddy, her fourteen year old brother, would be delighted if she just remembered him and very disappointed if she did not. As Sally started to cross the street a drunken driver in an old wagon rounded the corner and headed for her. She screamed as the wagon hit her, knocking her down.

"Why in the 'ell don't you get out of the way?" shouted the drunkard as he careened on his way.

Seeing the accident from his window, young Dr. Morrison, who had just come to Rockville to get a start in the medical profession, dashed into the street as the girl struggled to her feet.

"Are you hurt, Miss?" he asked professionally.

"No, not seriously; the wagon merely grazed my hip. I stumbled into the mud, but a little water will take care of that," answered Sally a little nervously as she wiped her hands with her handkerchief.

"Who was that fool who ran this girl down?" asked Dr. Morrison angrily of the little group of men that gathered.

"Oh, that's Jim Bornby," enlightened a grocery store hanger-on. "He's been goin' wild these past few months. Always gettin' drunk and terrin' things up. His dad is plenty sore and has sworn to disown him. The young whippersnapper used to be a nice sort of a lad."

"Jim!" exclaimed Sally terrified. "Then it was he. How could he do it? I never saw him drunk before."

"I'm sorry, Miss," said the doctor; "if there's anything I can do..."

"No, thanks!" she sighed. "I'll get my horse and ride home." As she turned to leave she took rapid stock of the young medical man. He was handsome; he had intelligent, dark, flashing eyes that at that moment were scrutinizing her approvingly.

A block down the street she saw Jim Bornby sauntering toward her.

"Oh, it's you, eh? Why can't you move when you see a respectable guy like me coming?"

"Jim!" she cried aghast.

"Yeah, that's right. I'm getting tired of seeing your silly little face too," he blurted out.

Stung by these bitter words Sally turned away in tears and hurried to her mount, limping slightly. The April wind dried her cheeks but did not heal the wound in her heart as she galloped home recklessly.

A week dragged by. The mellow sun was at its annual task of decorating garden and field. Still Sally brooded; she had received no word of Jim that he was sorry or that he cared. That evening her father, having returned from the village, called the family together and read them a letter.

Fresno County, Calif. April 21, 1875

Dear John, Mary and Children,

Gold has been discovered near Sutter's Mill. I advise you to sell out and come at once to California. It is your chance. Let me know. God bless you all,

Bill.

"Gee, dad, let's go," piped up Freddy. "What do you think, Mary?" asked

Mr. Jones.

"I really don't know. I hate to leave our home after living here for over twenty years. But if there's gold..." The mother broke off pensively.

"Sally, what would you like to do?"
"Go! Dad. I'd go any place to get
farther away from Jim Bornby. My love
for him has died."

"Don't fret, girl; he wasn't your kind," replied her dad. "But I think we should go, so let's call it settled. It will take time to round up a party, get equipment, and sell the ranch. But I'll try to hurry so we are not too late."

Two weeks later the Jones family, together with several others started further west. Sally rode in the second wagon with Freddy who drove. As they neared Boise, Idaho, the wagon lurched on a rough spot in the trail and sent Sally rolling down the mountain side. She screamed as she grabbed at the sagebrush. Suddenly her hands clutched something warm and firm. It was a human arm.

"Sally darling, what on earth is the matter?" asked Jim Bornby as Sally clung to him like a frightened child.

"Oh, Jim! I fell asleep and had the most horrible dream."

"So that's how you love me — going to sleep on the way home from the dance," chuckled Jim. "But it's alright, darling; I know you were tired. You must have awakened when we dipped into that hole in the road."

"Jim dear, do you know what I dreamed?"

"No, what was it?"

"I dreamed you had gone bad, taken to drink and hated me."

"Not yet, little queen. Not ever, with a girl like you who loves me."

RHYTHM IN THE DRAMA

By James Morris '39

When speaking of rhythm we are often inclined to think of rhythm of time and accent as united with the melodic development of a musical theme. At the same time we unknowingly disregard the rhythm which is so continually surrounding us in all life, birth, death, sleep, waking, activity and repose.

In order that we may not confuse rhythm with balance, which is so frequently the case, let us first equip ourselves with some of the typical characteristics of rhythm. Since an absolute definition is next to impossible we shall content ourselves with the nearest thing to it. "Rhythm," as defined by Boleslavsky, "is the orderly, measurable changes of all the elements comprised in a work of art." Every rhythm is as a motion of waves, all of a relatively constant or lawfully varying shape and temporal and spatial span, with balancing crests and troughs. The crest may be an accent or the upward trend of a line, while the trough may be composed of one or more unaccented syllables, a pause, or the swing back of a line in the opposite direction. Even the simplest repeat, if its elements be taken in succession, is a rhythm.

Rhythm is not always perceptible to the same degree in all branches of arts. For example, in architecture, the use of columns in succession produces a strong rhythmical effect of filled and empty spaces. In sculpture there is the rhythmic characteristic of the human body made more perfect by the artist. In painting the elements of the picture are arranged in clear-cut rhythm. For instance, according to Richard Boleslavsky, if we study the movement of all the hands of Leonardo's "Last Supper," so that we know them all by heart and can freely change from one to another, building up their significance with each change, we can achieve the rhythm of that particular masterpiece. Again, taking Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," and this time considering color as the element, we find the predominating color to be blue. Although it varies an infinite number of times, each time the change is clean-cut and almost imperceptible. Continuing, we find that the changes of blue stimulate our attention by arousing our curiosity to look at something that is not blue. This we find in the delicate yellowishpink face of the "Blue Boy."

In this last example there comes to light a quality which is so closely related to rhythm that at times, although they are two distinct qualities, they are forced to exist in combination with each other. In allowing our gaze to follow the changes in color, finally to rest on the face of

^{1.} Rhythm of time and accent does not constitute the development of the musical theme, but harmonic evolution is joined with accentual rhythm to accomplish this goal.

the boy, we set up a process whereby we arrive at the end or final aim of the artist (face of the boy) through the agency of all the parts. However, the end need not have a greater importance than its elements. This closely related quality we shall term evolution. At this time let us establish a definite distinction between the two qualities.

In rhythm unless combined with evolution there is no development toward a goal. As has been previously stated rhythm is a recurrence of balanced long and short measures, with no growth from one phase to another, while evolution has as its essential character the growth or accumulation of meaning. However, this need not be rhythmical.

Keeping this distinction in mind let us now proceed to rhythm in the drama. This quality so common to all arts is extremely inherent in the drama; yet it exists only through the agency of its various parts. These parts are numerous and detailed, but for the sake of space and convenience we shall assimilate them under four main headings, namely; Movement — as through life itself, Stage Decoration, Light, and Sound.

The mention of stage decoration, light, and sound might bring to the reader's mind a doubt as to the period of the drama under discussion. This period is known as "the new movement," originating in the latter part of the nineteenth century with the presentation of the Wagnerian music-drama.

Historically the drama is one of the oldest forms of art, having its origin in movement as ritual. For many generations it followed the development of ritual, and incorporated song into movement. From this stage the song developed

into antiphony, and out of antiphony came characterization. From this time on the drama became almost wholly dependent upon words rather than upon movement. As time wore on, the various branches of the theatrical arts began to decline. So much so that they reached a very low standard which shortly came to be known as the tawdry. During this period of insincerity the drama alone retained its dignity.

But with the advent of Wagner's musicdrama there came a turning point in all theatrical arts which affected even the drama. It is in this period that we now take up our study of thythm in the drama.

Movement. (The expression of life itself) Theoretically conceiving the drama as one central rhythm coming to life through these four media, which we shall term channels, we find that rhythm as the basis evolves from the proper association of these channels, one with the other, until we achieve a delicate group feeling. However, in order that we may have a clearer conception of our first channel, we shall personify it and regard it as the actor himself; for the actor is without a doubt the direct expression of life and therefore representative of the movement in the drama.

By making himself a channel through which the rhythm of the dramatic production as well as the continuity of his characterization flows, the actor becomes more truly creative and unites with the other media instead of conflicting with them. His ability to understand the laws of rhythm alone can produce in him the power to release creative force equal to the other channels. This power

RHYTHM IN THE DRAMA

is acquired only through training.

The training of the actor is a training in rhythmic expression. To attain this he must first break down all those obstructions of will and conscious effort which inhibit the channel of his inspiration. His inspiration must then come from beneath his conscious self in that depth which is called the subconscious and which, for our purpose, may be said to approach the universal where greater rhythms play what music they will.

This training also applies to those artists whose inspiration will be expressed through lighting, sound, and stage decoration. In as much as rhythm is the basis of group feeling, the group must unify before it can separate. Therefore through his rhythm and through his actions, the actor has the same delicate relationship to the group that the actors individually have to each other. This perfect relationship results ultimately in that endless modification of rhythm through the influence of one actor upon another by which the entire structure may be expanded without interruption of the continuity.

Little has been said as to the number of actors that may participate in drama. The important factor here is not the number but the fact that there must never be more than one chief hero. The remaining characters must arrange themselves in different gradations. might say that the drama has a thoroughly monarchic arrangement. The rhythm of its action is essentially dependent on the fact that the action centers about one dominant character. Aside from this the interest of the audience must be directed mostly toward one person; the audience must learn as early as possible which actor is to occupy its attention before all other characters. There is, however, one exception entertained by the drama, namely, where the relations of two lovers form the essentials of an action. In this case they are looked upon as one unit. Thus in Romeo and Juliet. With this we pass to our second channel.

STAGE DECORATION. To say that without stage decoration or scenery a play would lack rhythm and the other qualities which it embodies as one of the arts, would be to overestimate the importance of scenery as scenery. The early Greek players performed the numerous and widely different stories composed by Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides before a simple stone facade. The actors of Shakespeare's time performed in an even greater variety of scenes. Moliere often performed on a bare platform with nothing more than a plain table and a pair of neutral chairs. It mattered little to Moliere and his fellow actors whether they moved in front of the mirrored walls of a palace ballroom or the brick walls of a courtyard, because they were able to establish by their words and actions the atmosphere of their surroundings.

But since we are concerned with the period of the "new movement" we must regard scenery as a vital factor in producing the rhythmical effect which we are seeking in the drama. To be sure, scenery is limited in what it can do; yet it has played a large and important part in the refertilization of the drama on the stage during the past years.

Before we go any further into the modern version of scenery, perhaps it

would be well to go back to what has preceded and given rise to the change that has come about. We need go no further than the turn of the present century to find stage settings full of false perspective and overloaded with hideous ornament and detail — the entire thing so offensive as to detroy any hint of the rhythm that should have flowed from its association with the other media. But artists like Craig, Appia and Belasco, soon realizing that this was neither beauty nor true to life, fought it from every legitimate angle. They knew the value of creating an effect that would be characteristic of the play and its true emotions.

The modern stage setting sprang up as a result of the efforts of these men; before long through this channel the atmosphere of living light was beautifully cast about the actor. After all, good scenery is essentially a part of the actor and the actor a part of it. It will also be observed that a good stage setting not only describes character and creates mood for action, but also helps the player tell a story. Modern dramatists even strive to omit from their plays the long passages of description and exposition, and are becoming more and more dependent on the effects produced by stage settings to describe their characters and project their stories. In other words, the wall, the doorways, the rugs, the tables, the chairs, and other incidental properties are not simply architecture and furniture, but objects possessing an animate rhythmic power exerting an influence which, blended with and through the acting, makes the audience understand and enjoy the production to the highest extent.

In the past few years costumes have

played an obvious part in stage design. But in order that they may be blended with the scenery in such a manner as to create the desired rhythmic effect, they must be in the same spirit as the setting. They must be not only of the right color and representative of the period and personality they represent but also worn in such a way as to create the living character which the actor assumes.

LIGHTING. The art of stage lighting, unlike those of acting and stage decoration, has almost no history. Such history as it has until the past two decades is simply the history of artificial illuminants. The Greeks played by the light of the sun. So did Shakespeare and his fellows. A torch on the stage of the Globe or Swan indicated night, but did not illumine the stage. And it may be worth considering that light in these ancient theatres (the light of the sun) did not reinforce the "mood" of the play or scene, but mitigated it.

Generally, however, dependence was upon the same means by which the audience chamber was lighted — candles hung in chandeliers. The lights above the stage might be lowered and those above the audience raised into a well, so that, during the action of the play, a differentiation between audience and stage might be effected. So with a slight modification things remained for a century and a half. A row of candles along the edge of the stage, the first footlights, made the actor's face a little brighter.

The introduction of gas, with its numerous burners placed along a feed pipe for borders and footlights, did more than make available for stage use a brighter and more easily handled light. With the

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invention of the limelight for spotting and flooding, and the use of color which the lime made possible, the present-day situation sprang into being.

The new instrument added an effect which aimed at the reproduction, through the control of light intensity and color, of the lights of nature.

Still, the lighting of the stage generally aims at the illusion of something other than a stage. The lights are made to give, as far as they can, the effect of a light source of wholly different physical properties.

Lights should move, too, not with the violent swing of the musical comedy front spot, but by fading away or becoming dim in the area that the player leaves and brightening before him. In this fact alone is manifested the secret for producing the desired rhythmical effect through the media of moving shafts of colored light. This process of creating rhythm is much the same as that used in Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," where we perceive the rhythm produced by movement over the various shades of blue.

In Isaac Grunewald's arrangement of the prison scene in Samson and Delilah instead of painted prison walls there is only darkness - darkness suspended amid black hangings. The millstone to which Samson is fettered becomes some strange old primitive thing that revolves on its edge as the man chained to it presses against a pole in its center, and pushes it around. The millstone symbolizes and dramatizes imprisonment and torturing labor. A single shaft of light falls on the stone. At one moment it makes a gleaming crescent of the edge. This grows larger as the stone turns, and then suddenly it flashes into a great silver disk, and Samson stands silhouetted in this spot to sing his aria. Then the procession of the moon begins again, and the torture goes on. The rhythm produced by the growing shaft of light is as evident and as clear as though it were coming from the sobbing strings of a master's violin.

Sound. In considering sound as a channel through which the rhythm in drama is created in part, we must, for the sake of time and space, limit ourselves to a definite phase of its meaning. Let us assume that the spoken word is significant of that channel. However, sound need not be limited to mere words because weeping, laughter, grunts, groans, sighs, and other inarticulate sounds, if skillfully substituted, often eliminate many lines of words to be spoken.

With the assumption that words are the supplement of sound, we find that they have a two-fold function. The first is that of explanation when the powers of pantomime fail. Explanation becomes necessary when the motion of the play deals with intricate relationships and complex moods, and when it depends on events that happen outside the time of the play, or outside the view of the spectator. There is no pantomimic convention to tell that a certain man is related to another by his mother's second marriage, but as a great series of dramatic moods may derive from such a relationship it will demand an explanation.

The second function of words in their capacity as a channel through which rhythm is magnified is their use in enriching and identifying movement; for instance, in speeches indicative of mood, in speeches to create character, to sup-

plement the indication of age and of station.

To test the function of words in the drama one should watch foreign players using a language that one does not understand. There one will get a sufficient measure of speech in its function of creating rhythm in the drama. It may be added that good actors see words as an open framework around which they build the entire movement of the play.

Conclusion. Although a complete word picture showing the development of rhythm in the drama has not been achieved in the foregoing theme, yet some conception of the presence and importance of this quality has been rendered. Rhythm is the core around which the drama is built. Using this quality as its very soul the drama develops into a beautiful artistic production.

It is well to keep in mind that even though the drama as a whole has been divided into only four units herein, each unit may be sub-divided for the purpose of studying the drama in all its phases. For example, under the heading of Stage Setting may be classified costumes, painted scenery, architecture and stage property (furnishings).

These particulars must be bound together in such a way that they will produce and convey the resultant rhythm to every other individual part. The same method of subdivision may be followed in the remaining three units. It is only after the drama in its entirety has been taken apart and its divisions carefully studied that it can be said to contain any of the qualities that make it a work of art. Thus in conclusion let it be said that rhythm exists in the drama when, and only when, there has been established a delicate group feeling which is the ultimate result of the proper association of part to part and part to whole.

THE FOOL

by

John Bannon '38

A crown too small for a haughty head He placed upon his brow and said, I am the king and you are but dust — They fed him soft words and a honied crust!

ARE SCALES HUMAN?

By Daniel Raible '37

It matters little whether one be a cousin of Rockefeller, or a brother of Soapy; whether one be a victim of obesity, or of the chorus girl mania; whether handsome or homely, the price of weight is a penny, no more, no less. In spite of this preposterous sum, scales seem to have a natural fascination for everyone. Some worry about the circumference of their waistline; others aim to become Apollos; still others are checking up on the effectiveness of the woman-losesthirty-pounds-in-two-weeks remedy. Even if one is not sedulous of any of these particular endeavors, a pound lost or a pound gained at least offers a topic for conversation.

Perhaps the popularity of the scale helps to explain the fact that almost every store nowadays is guarded by a knight of the order of weight. By placing one in front of his doors even Mr. Penney has enlivened his name by symbolism. What is indeed queer is the fact that Sears and Roebuck have not as yet favored mankind with such a blessing. It is rumored, however, that at present experiments are being conducted on the practicality of a mail-order scale.

Even without mail-order scales, so prevalent has the scaley scourge become that it is hardly possible to get oneself weighed without paying the proverbial penny. In the days of the horse and buggy there was always a free scale

about town; today not even the banks are weighing the public gratis. Probably the only surviving remnant of the good old days is the feed store. There, however, the combined stench of ground meal, hay, seeds, and baby chicks is so rancid as to deter one from unnecessarily imbibing the odor. With the feed stores eliminated it might be said that a general monopoly in the scale trade exists. Either one does not get weighed, or one pays a penny while doing it.

Despite the apparent monopoly the installation of scales is the closest approach some stores have ever made to the heartbreaking practice of giving away anything free of charge. To think that one can get every ounce of his two hundred pounds weighed for a paltry penny! Why, almost unbelievable; yet, it is true. Besides weighing the individual many scales will also predict his future, a service which from Hindu or horoscope would cost the modest sum of five dollars. Scales do not seem to be so unreasonable after all!

Almost any person would feel deeply insulted if it were in any way intimated that he was unaware of the purpose of such a banal contrivance as a scale. "Why, any mother's son knows that," would be his spasmodic outburst. But should it be thought that the perspicacious proprieter operates a scale, as it would seem, solely for the accommodation

of his patrons? Perhaps it is his method of enticing them toward his showcase, or perhaps he wishes to preclude the possibility of running short of pennies for change. Whether it be one of these reasons or another, the sagacious salesman has a more subtle purpose in mind than is outwardly portrayed.

From the scale's point of view a penny is not much of a remuneration for the litany of maledictions and abuses which it exposes itself, and what is worse, often receives. Almost everyone is concerned enough about his weight to become disgruntled over a pound or so contrary to his desires. Then it is that the scale, innocent but helpless, receives the gamut of execrations fit only for Satan and his Moreover, who would be so confreres. reticent and uncomplaining when he is continually being stepped upon? the scale in its resignation to fate can say only this, "The farther down they push me, the higher I go."

Indeed amusing is it to mull over the varied contrivances which scales employ to convey enticingly the prosaic statement of one's weight. As if realizing that "every man has his price," they attempt all sorts of legerdemain. Probably the most interesting of these second features which the scales offer is the delineation

of one's fortune. Without the slightest former acquaintance with a person they dogmatically assert his characteristics and aspirations. What is stranger yet is the fact that the fortunes are always correct (at least, so the receiver thinks).

There seems to be an air of mysteriousness hovering about these fortunes that the scales issue. Just as the opinions of a young maiden seem beyond amelioration to her soul-sickened sweetheart, so are the fortunes deemed the acme of veracity by the recipient. "Well, come to think of it, I am quite handsome after all," or, "Isn't it the truth, I always knew I was very considerate, lovable, and just." Such are the innermost thoughts of most people as they sedulously absorb the printed line of trash. What is worse, they not only entertain such thoughts, but make application of these in the same improvocative situations, until they are fully convinced of their being a paragon to society.

In spite of any and all complaints wagered them, scales will continue to serve mankind in at least one way. Presupposing that they are useful for nothing else, they will ever furnish an outlet for the natural tendency of man to get as much as possible for nothing.



PUCK RANGER

By Donald Stockert '39

Racer Axil's sharp blades flashed. The puck sang a high twee as it swished down the ice from his stick. Racer didn't seem to be conscious that he wore skates; they were a part of him. He handled his stick as easily as we do our spoon, and probably more gracefully.

Over by the side lines Manager Jacquin was chatting, "Racer is what folks like me pray for, so far as everything about hockey goes; that is — except he doesn't shoot enough."

"Well then, what good is he if he doesn't shoot for you? Why, he could skate all he likes and as gracefully as can be, but that wouldn't put up the score for your Pumas! I personally can't see any reason for letting him play," harped old man Bonsieu, the general goget-this-and-that man about the rink.

Despite this weighty objection Jacquin knew why he kept Axil. Hadn't he put some pep into those lazy slats who were now out there practicing with a zeal that would make any sportsman happy? Although Racer didn't shoot, he certainly could maneuver into perfect scoring position for the others. However, the manager resolved to talk to Axil very soon about shooting more. Maybe he was just weak in that one point and a few practices would patch it up.

The whole team retired to the dressing room except Axil, who remained behind evidently for some pleasure skating. As soon as he thought that everyone had gone he began to shoot from every direction and angle. Not just weak, sliding shots but shots that whistled, and when they hit the coop cracked like explosions in early morning.

Jacquin, peeping through a crack in the door, ejaculated, "Reindeers and mush dogs, and I thought he couldn't shoot! Maria, one of those would break bones! Now I wonder..."

The game with the Snow Kings came. Racer was here, there, all over, in scoring position time after time, but at each chance he hesitated, then swiftly passed to a fellow player. Soon the crowd began to reiterate cries of "Why don't you shoot? Where's your backbone? What ya got a stick for?" Each one of these stinging queries struck him like a whizzing puck, but each time he got into position he trembled and parried to his teammates. He sliced in on opposing players, fought for possession of the little piece of hard rubber, and body checked like the immovable object we read about. Anyway, they couldn't say he was yellow.

Once as he came down the ice with the puck an enemy rush attempted to body check him. Shouting "Look out!" he switched the puck off at an angle. Then he literally climbed that Snow King's frame. Directly up over the other's back with a light jump, he was off in a few strokes to catch the rubber again.

The Pumas won that game 3-1. But that score didn't suit the Puma fans, Jacquin, nor most of all, Axil. The fans blamed Jacquin and Racer; Jacquin, Racer; and Racer, himself. But Axil knew he was as helpless as the weakest of the fans.

In the dressing room the usual loud talking and disorder was going on. Somehow there seemed to be caution in what the boys said about the game. Every so often each one would glance at Axil and address a remark to keep him in the conversation, but his answers were all short. He was down on himself, and when a player gets that way it is time the manager does something — something deep and cutting.

Silence, one of those intense, embarrassing tense silences, crashed down on the hubbub of the dressing room as Jacquin approached Racer with a hurt, sour look. "Racer, that's enough stalling. I know you can shoot; why in the name of all the saints don't you? I pay you money to do it; why?" He sneered.

Axil, all red and sweaty, stood up and blasted, "I know, but once..." He stopped, sat down abruptly, and covered his face with his hands. Then, with a shrug, "All right, I guess I got to. I thought if I came up here I could get over it. I'll quit. I'll not drag your team down."

"What do you mean? Get over? Get over what? What have you on you that keeps you from shooting? You must be daffy!"

Racer would make no reply. Turning to the team, Jacquin ordered roughly, "Okay, scram! I got me something to do." When they had all gone he turned again to Axil and said somewhat less

gruffly, "Well, you won't talk and you won't shoot, but I'll keep you on the team. Maybe whatever it is will blow over; then I hope you can be of some use to me. Go home and get some sleep."

The Polar Bears had gone all season undefeated, winning by high piles of hard rubber. The Pumas were also unbeaten, but their victories were all by slight margins. The night of the important game between these two contestants crowded the rink with spectators. Every one was tense, not merely because two undefeated teams were matched but because perhaps the famous player might break his old record and shoot. The game started with no Racer entered.

Jacquin was seeing the bad effect of this very clearly by the half. The score stood 3 - 0. He put Axil in at the end of the intermission to get his usual claps and boos. As the game drew toward a close the score was 3 - 1, and still Racer hadn't shot.

A broad shouldered young man stepped through the entrance and stood watching the game. When Axil turned toward him the stranger seemed petrified. "My gosh, it's Racer!" Then, in a lull, he roared out, "Racer, what a score!"

Racer seemed like a man who was just jagged. Searching the crowd eagerly for the person who had boomed that out, and finding him, he began to play like a demon. Five seconds to play and he was in scoring position. He hesitated, and again that voice thundered, "Shoot!" He shot! The sepulchral silence was splintered by loud screams of incredulity. The puck had hit the goalie's skate and sliced his feet from under him. The gun barked. The Pumas had lost and

SCIENTIFIC TIE BUYING

won — the non-shooting wonder of hockey had split the spell.

After Axil and the broad shouldered man had gone through the informalities of a terrific bear hug, Axil bellowed above the din, "When did it happen?"

"Nearly three months ago; its stronger than ever now!" he roared back.

In the dressing room Jacquin beamed,

"Say, what's this all about? Let me in on it."

Eustos Axil explained, "I lost my voice. He (nodding to Racer) hit me in the throat with one of those whining pucks, and..."

"And since then he thinks of you and doesn't shoot," finished the happy manager.

SCIENTIFIC TIE BUYING

By Robert J. Danehy

recall my father's telling me how simple it was to buy a tie when he was my age. All he had to do was tell the salesman to give him what was called the style of the day. Buying a tie today, however, involves a number of things that grandfather would laugh at.

First of all let me establish the important fact that tie bargaining is a science — an attempt to harmonize color, which is a branch of physics. The color of the clothing, eyes, hair, and skin is the most important factor. Next comes the temperature, season of the year, and the locality. Then there are minor points such as the color of your girl's hair, your mood, and the type of person you really are. All these points tell just what kind of person would wear a fiery red tie on the twenty-second of February.

Concretely expressed, these are my principles. The temperature is zero, and

the ground is covered with snow. Examinations are approaching with one fell swoop; my personal attitude is one of fear. The tie must be snappy because of the cold and snow, but a solid color because of the cerebral disturbance. I choose dark blue. If it is warm and I have just passed the annuals I shall most likely buy a tie with an odd design to show I fear not the welcome at home.

Ties tell a man's character unless he is an imposter. In six out of seven cases they determine nationality. A German sticks to red as he does to his beer; a Russian drinks his vodka wearing (if any) a deep dark red or blue. French ties as French wines have solid colors. A Spaniard thrives on gaudy colors. An Englishman cannot eat his beef without a cravat as big as a blanket; an Irishman takes his liquor straight and his ties string-like.

THE

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EDITORIALS

GUEST EDITORIAL

By Emmet Lavery

AUTHOR: The First Legion and Monsignor's Hour

Che Cheatre Lives --

Long Live the Cheatre

The theatre lives! Make no mistake about that. It is true of course that certain solemn words were read over its seemingly prostrate form in the first excitement which attended the birth of talking pictures.

"The king is dead," they said, but the vital statistics recorded in connection with the advent of sound in films needs some rearranging. It is quite true that a new monarch was born. But to say that the old one died involves rank presumption and a complete disregard of the facts.

The truth is that the theatre has always lived and always will live so long as man inhabits the earth. And the only reason the obituary editors detected signs of the end in the old king was the apparent superiority of the new king to do both the work of the old order and the new order. The old king, they argued, would die because there was nothing left for him to do. The new king could do the same job and do it better so —

And so they were wrong. Both kings live and both kings have work to do, for the obituary editors made a big mistake. It now develops quite obviously that the theatre is one thing and talking pictures are another. And never can the twain be mistaken, one for the other!

All this is not to diminish one iota the full glory of the new king who at his best brings to our day such a giant's toy as puts Aladdin's Lamp to shame. But it may serve to emphasize that there is as much difference between the stage and talking pictures as there is between a charcoal drawing and an oil portrait. Each fills a different need. Each requires a different artistry. Neither can eclipse the other.

Nor is this merely the itinerant conclusion of one who after laboring in both fields still cherishes the first love a bit above the second love. It is a point of view which can be substantiated in two minutes' conversation with any dramatist who has gone into films from the theatre. And it can be substantiated by that almost infallible index, the weekly *Variety* published in New York City.

On the front page of *Variety* in a recent issue we find that at the peak of the present theatrical season the gross box-office receipts from the legitimate theatres in New York exceeded the gross box-office receipts from the leading motion picture theatres! This naturally does not take into account the numerous neighborhood theatres scattered about the metropolis, but for purposes of comparison most observers will agree the il-

lustration is a fair one. Nor does it consider the tremendous return of business "on the road."

Then too the variety and popularity of the Federal Theatre would appear to demonstrate that theatre satisfies a human need which is apart from that filled by pictures. It would seem also to prove that when the price is within range of the average patron, the living stage offers people as great a thrill as it did in the days of Aeschylus. Human nature hasn't changed, and the old king still lives.

But you may well say: is there an argument about all this? Is it not all conceded? Perhaps. But it can afford to be emphasized, for too many students in our colleges may turn away from a career in the theatre with the thought that there's no use in serving an outmoded king.

Only a few days ago the Dean of a great Eastern university, who has some cause to be discouraged, wrote your correspondent a letter which concluded with these words:

"The growing technical and artistic success of the movies makes me skeptical about the future of the living theatre though I am one of those who prefer a real living human being, less of an artist, to the picture of a glamorous star."

But our friend is wrong. The theatre lives and will live because it is within the reach of anyone who has the will to pretend. Here we need no million dollar budgets, no fabulous accessories. A few lights, a curtain, and somebody's barn — and the theatre lives, as it has always lived, in the imagination of its audience.

It lives too, more radiantly than ever, within the great spirit of the Catholic tradition. All over this country today parish theatres, college theatres and workers' theatres are giving voice to the Catholic tradition in drama.

And all we lack to give these theatres recognition in our national and parish life is a certain collective emphasis — just as all we need to give complete recognition to the place of Drama in the field of the Catholic Literary Emergence is a certain collective emphasis in indexing the works of Sierra, Chesterton, Calderon, Talbot, Shaw, Yeats, Lord, Barry, Claudel, Strong, Housman, O'Neill, Eliot, Obey, Peman and many others.

But we are going to give them recognition, and at the Loyola Community Theatre in Chicago on June 15-16 delegates will meet from all Catholic theatres in America to co-ordinate and advance their common standards in a simple but flexible association. No complex organization is contemplated. No interference with existing theatres is proposed. No endowment is sought and no funds are solicited.

The National Catholic Theatre Conference seeks simply an efficient but flexible association of parish, college and workers' theatres for the greater advantage of the common good. And at June and Chicago in at Catholic University in August at a second conference we hope to inventory our mutual interests and experiences. We hope to find perhaps in each single theatre group that Catholic Theatre for which so many of us once looked on Broadway.

We seek, briefly, a unity of effort which should in time produce a theatre with a culture as definite as that of the

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Yiddish Art Theatre and a variety as extensive as that of the Federal Theatre. We aspire neither to undermine nor overthrow the legitimate theatre. We aim merely to give new life and purpose to what should be one of the most vigorous tributary streams of the great world of the theatre.

Most of all we see on the Stage the chance for the creature to create in the image of his Creator. As David danced before the Ark and the tumbler tumbled before the statue of Our Lady, so we seek to lift up our hearts ad majorem dei gloriam.

So come to Chicago if you can. And if you can't come to Chicago, come to Washington.

The theatre lives! Long live the theatre!

A Dearth of Material?

Through the obvious absence of real Catholic drama one is tempted to think that aspiring Catholic playwrights are bemoaning the lack of material from which to glean dramatic possibilities. Could it be that they claim for Protestant writers a field more varied, more expansive than their own? No.

This could never be true. The word Catholic proves the lie to such a contention, for it means universal, and universal pertains to the totality of the universe. If the universe and its people are too restrained a source of dramatic material, where can playwrights hope to get their material? Catholic dramatists have fields so virgin in which to work that it is shocking to entertain the idea that they might complain about this non-existent hindrance.

In fact, Catholic playwrights could produce plays of untold merit from the plentitude of Catholic novels alone. With ease many of these outstanding narratives of Christianity could be changed into dramas that would throb with the glory of living, weep with the sorrow of dying, and grow with the knowledge of being. What more could any dramatist demand?

For example, the tender love story of Three Against the World by Sheila Kaye-Smith possesses a plot appeal that a Catholic dramatist could use to fine advantage. Through a careful adaptation of this novel a playwright could also develop a really great character study. From this one example it can be seen that our Catholic novels do command dramatic possibilities. This novel, however, is not alone in this respect. There are many others as, The Betrothed by Manzoni, The Watch in the Night by Helen White, The Masterful Monk by Owen Francis Dudley, Quo Vadis? by Henryk Sienkiewicz, and Out of the Whirlwind by William Walsh, to mention but a few.

Novels, however, are not the sole source from which Catholic playwrights can cull material for their literary endeavors. Take for instance the expansive fields of Church History such as the Crusades, the period of Cathedral building, or the Inquisition. Imagine the numerous possibilities for drama contained in these events. The age of Cathedral building has a time and place appeal that cannot be denied even by those antagonistic toward the Church. Then there is the abundance of plot appeal to be derived from the renowned Inquisition.

Still there is another fountain of drama for Catholic playwrights. It is found in the lives of her numerous Saints. Heretofore Catholics have learned about the Saints from pious books known as "Little Lives of the Saints." These books have overlooked the fact that Saints were men and women with personalities and characters, making them appear almost as superhuman people. In reality the Saints were great men and women with lives that had all the power, adventure, and melodrama of any other figure in history. This field in itself could furnish dramatic material to Catholic playwrights Even non-Catholic centuries to come. writers have awakened to this fact as is seen in George Bernard Shaw's Joan of Arc.

So from these three seemingly inexhaustible sources Catholic playwrights can draw for dramatic material for time and eternity. The alibi that there is a dearth of material for drama can never apply to writers of Catholic plays.

R. J. T. '38

New Blood for the Old

Any student of literature who takes a moment off to glance, even casually, at the deplorably small place real Catholic literature holds in the literary spotlight today, must be surprised and shocked to find that Catholic Drama holds even a much smaller, almost infinitesimal place. To be more concrete, although it may seem amazing, yet it is none the less true, that there are barely four first-class Catholic playwrights living and writing in America at present. The condition of Catholic Drama in other countries is hardly better. In

fact, it seems to be an almost forgotten field, a sort of literary bugaboo to be zealously avoided.

If we must follow the concept of Catholic Drama held by all too many Catholics, it probably will prove to be a bugaboo. But luckily, this is not the case. Catholic Drama need not be stilted; it need not be idle preaching; it need not propagandize at all.

To this writer's mind one of the greatest drawbacks to the advancement of Catholic Drama in this country has been the idea in the mind of its would-be creators that they must put the dry-asdust doctrines of their catechism into pseudo-dramatic form. Or at best they must make their productions reek with an odor of sanctuary incense, and make their dialogue drip with pious drivel. Thank heavens, during the last few years these plaster saints have seemed gradually to be waking up to themselves, so perhaps we may at least have room for hope.

For now, if they will only come out of their lethargy, is the golden opportunity for Catholic playwrights to show their true mettle. Their task should not be The arts have basked in the difficult. sunlight of the Church's teachings for centuries, and have grown to a brilliant maturity under the guidance of her ideals. There is no reason why drama should not do the same. In fact what the modern drama needs most of all is the application of basic, ever-refreshing Catholic philosophy to its themes. regard the playwright who has the benefit of a Catholic training and outlook on life has an infinite advantage over the one who has not. To utilize this Catholic background it is not at all necessary for

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the writer to fall into the error of making his play didactic. He should merely give to his plays the depth and beauty which are the natural result of his inbred philosophy of life. Today especially there is a crying need for a treatment of the common, ordinary social themes and social problems from a new and different point of view — the Catholic point of view.

Moreover, for the playwright who would find his inspiration in the past, what could be more inspiring, more adapted for true drama than the rich and varied history of the Church? Even George Bernard Shaw, escaping for once from his veil of sham, was forced to recognize the dramatic possibilities in the life of one of the saints of the Church, and produced *Saint Joan* as a result. In Spain Calderon and Lope De Vega, probably the two most famous dramatists in all Spanish history, wrote Catholic plays, plays which have endured the test of time from the seventeenth century even to the

present day. In more recent times, Henri Gheon in France, and Emmet Lavery in the United States have shown conclusively that plays of interest and real artistic merit can be produced from the wealth of drama within the Church.

With such excellent possibilities of development, then, together with such splendid opportunities for accomplishing good, Catholic Drama should no longer prove to be the deserted and scorned black sheep of Catholic Literature. The Catholic Literary Revival, which has had remarkable success in arousing a new spirit of interest and enthusiasm among young Catholic writers, would do well to turn its special efforts toward arousing even a greater interest in Catholic Drama. Let us hope that it does so, and that through its efforts Catholic Drama will become what it long since should have been — a vital and potent force in modern life

W. C. '37



CRITICISM

Books

RETURN TO MALAYA

By R. H. Bruce Lockhart

In the 376 pages of Return to Malaya Bruce Lockhart, your host, with a steady pen mixes personal and impersonal, comedy and seriousness, realism, and romantic imperialism (realizing all the while that the present agents of empire are more or less dull people) into a cocktail that will quench the thirst of any adventurer devotee.

It isn't an easy matter to say exactly what kind of a book Mr. Lockhart has written. It certainly is a travelogue as well as a history or picture book, and yet one can read it with the facility of reading a novel. His plausible ability to paint vivid portraits by mere words enables the reader to wander along with the author whether he rides in a ricksha or ambles through the streets of Singapore.

The British Agent has a precise knack in regard to relating a series of facts without arousing the indignation of the reader. He does this, not by simply narrating incidents as they occurred during his "Quest of Youth"; he embellishes them with a tint of light humor, or apt comparisons of twenty-five years ago. No one but the Scotsman is able to combine realism and romanticism in such a laudable, unique manner.

More than this, one wanders along with Mr. Lockhart through the East of today and the East of twenty-five years ago. Malaya itself is not what it used to be. The lithe Amai, whom he loved a quarter of a century ago, has grown old. "She has changed but not so much as Freddie had led me to believe . . . She was old, but she had worn remarkably well for a Malay woman." Also Malaya has made great strides of progress in education, habitation and politics. This political shade of the oriental tropics, which is skillfully related, especially aids to preserve the pages of this experienced observer from mere impressionism.

That little of the youthfulness of the author has been lost since his early Malayan football days, and that the wanderlust which carried him through war-shattered Europe is still on the ascendant is evident from the numerous passages in this alluring travelogue. "Today the hall-mark of the British civilization in the East is a bag of golf clubs, . . . There are also facilities, extensively used everyday, for tennis, cricket, polo, 'rugger', 'soccer', yachting, rowing and private flying." Many similar references to sports and other pastimes of youth are found throughout the pages. Indeed, history of this nature, certainly should appeal to the student of today.

Although I cannot say that *The Return to Malaya* will be immortal, I hesitate not to say, imbibe deeply of this cocktail, for Mr. Lockhart gives you something that will affect your mind, your heart and your senses.

Pete Brickner '38

CRITICISM

A PAPAL CHAMBERLAIN

The Personal Chronicle of Francis Augustus MacNutt

Though Francis A. MacNutt did not devote all of his life to literary pursuits, that which he has presented to us in his works, especially in his intimate autobiography, is not of little worth.

As to the life itself I must admit that it is the one and only of its sort which I have ever had the pleasure of reading. Francis MacNutt, born of Presbyterian parents in the state of Indiana, was singularly blessed even from the early days of his youth. According to him it was in about his sixth year that he became acquainted with the factor which shaped his life's course. One day while strolling near his home he happened to step into a Catholic church. The beauty, the serenity of the building with its little flickering red light struck at the very strings of his heart. From this moment he realized that the Roman Catholic religion was the religion for him. Throughout the years that followed, though at times tremendous obstacles beset his path, MacNutt struggled and prayed so courageously that one cannot but admire his heroic endeavors.

Together with this description of his journey on the road to Rome, MacNutt presents a life which actually seems to border on the novel, due to its varied and illustrious experiences. Besides his literary endeavors there is one striking fact about his life, namely, his opportunity and good fortune to travel and the ability of meeting the most renowned characters of his day.

As to the former there seems to be but a small section of this huge world of ours that he does not speak of having visited. From Indiana his wanderings stretch as one great maze, embracing Japan, India, Turkey, Mexico, and all of Europe. Yet his travel was not without its specific purpose, for Mexico presented to him the life of an ascetic; Spain and Turkey embraced his diplomatic life; while Italy was the center of his religious life.

In respect to the latter G. K. Chesterton says that these acquaintances hold more interest for him than the man himself. Among his intimate acquaintances were Popes Leo XIII, Pius X and Benedict XV; Cardinals Manning, Gibbons and Rampolla; all of the members of the "Black Society"; Presidents Cleveland, Taft and Theodore Roosevelt; and most of the dignitaries of Europe.

Though Francis A. MacNutt has not yet attained world renown as a writer we can truly enjoy his personal chronicle. His style is intimate and captivating. His quotations in foreign languages, though quite numerous, do not detract but even add to the various settings in which they are employed. The writing itself is very light, clear, and terse. It is primarily in his narrating and describing of certain situations and events that he is supreme. His vivid presentation actually makes one live the life anew. Though the author tends to be a bit egotistic at times we can readily overlook this slight imperfection as we become totally absorbed in the The work may not be a litnarrative. erary masterpiece, but it will live as an intimate autobiography and a shining example of true appreciation and gratitude for so priceless a gift as the Catholic Faith.

Ernest Lukasiewicz '38

Films

The advertising department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer based a better portion of their publicity for *Camille* on the simple statement, "Greta Garbo loves Robert Taylor in *Camille*." For once publicity grossly understated the facts, because in *Camille* Miss Garbo does much more than love Mr. Taylor.

In her characteristic manner Garbo plays Marguerite so realistically that Robert Taylor serves merely as a background. What dignity Armand possesses is a reflection of Marguerite's interest in him. Certainly this does not mean that Taylor is unnecessary to the cinema. Actually he is quite boyish, impetuous and blindly trustful. In fact, Armand is his most creditable performance since his advent to the screen.

It is, however, Garbo's Marguerite that enhances and makes this tragic cinema so appreciable. Her complete command of the role ranks alongside her memorable Anna Karenina. With delicate yet confident steps she brings to the screen the real Marguerite as Alexandre Dumas created her. Unless the paradoxical character of Marguerite is understood *Camille* becomes at best stilted, unreal play-acting.

The story itself centers around the tragic existence of Marguerite, whom circumstances and a desire for pleasure made the mistress of Baron de Varville. A better nature urged her flight from the wealth of Paris to the love of Armand, only to have circumstances force her again to the man she had fled. As a fitting climax to an illegitimate love affair Marguerite finally dies of tuberculosis in Armand's arms.

The supporting players are uniformly

all splendid with due emphasis upon Henry Daniell as Baron de Varville, Lionel Barrymore as Armand's father, and Leonore Ulric as Olympe.

Nevertheless there is really only one reason for *Camille*, and that is Garbo. This cinema is no new adaptation of *Camille*; it is merely a brilliant translation of it by Greta Garbo. In view of this, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer could well have omitted the many vulgar scenes, and given the cinema a purged edition of Dumas' Marguerite as the girl of circumstance.

Richard J. Trame '38

Magazines

Hearken, all you poets and poetry lovers, for here is the answer to your unspoken desire, a periodical which deals almost exclusively with poetry. In the pages of *Spirit* you will find the embodiment of your cherished hope, a compendium of contemporary poems of the highest quality.

Spirit marks the initial step in this new idea of an entirely poetic publication and owes its existence to the Catholic Poetry Society of America. Once every two months this novel society publishes in Spirit works garnered from its own members. Although one must be numbered among its ranks before having the privilege of submitting one's works for publication therein, the requirements for enrollment are not over exacting. As is stated in the publication: "Membership in the Society is open to all, irrespective of faith, who write poetry or are interested in it."

Despite the fact that poetry is the main concern a few pages are devoted to

CRITICISM

prose; merely enough, however, to relieve the monotony, if there be any, of the verse. The prose selections are usually relative to poetry and to the problems of the poet or aspirant. Reviews of the most recently published poetic compilations constitute a major portion of this element. An editorial as also communications from readers also help to round out the contents of this welcome journal. So much for the general make-up of the magazine.

Diversity of subject matter, which ranges from nature to introspection, from first love to death, from youth to old age, is one of the notable qualities of the poems. Rhythms of nearly every variety are present. Monotony often caused by consistent similarity of rhyme schemes is obviated by a pronounced variance of the A B C's. Pithy quatrains and sententious sonnets sprinkled throughout are as piquant condiments to the longer bits of poesy.

Very few of the poems manifest their inherent gems upon the first perusal. Only after one has attuned his sympathies to those of the author does the cryptic message reveal itself. What is probably the grandest ideal of all poetry can be predicated of the poems of *Spirit*, that they offer not merely a transient pleasure but an argosy of thought provocative of enjoyment and meditation long after the poems themselves have vanished from the eyes. The following selection by Rose Myra Phillips is a patent argument for this statement.

Inseparable

"Always this truthfulness: delight and pain

Mingle inseparable, and there is no Device of chemistry, as yet, to strain The rue from out the cordial's heady glow.

If alchemy could change the golden cup Of joy to crystal, many a one who begs To have the ruddy vintage lifted up Would turn away when he beheld the dregs."

Truly *Spirit* is a credit to its sponsors and should prove to be a charming companion to poets and poetry lovers of the English language.

D. Raible '37

Unaffected humor is always a very pleasing quality in a literary production. It offers a soothing diversion to the mind, surfeited with ethereal flights of fancy. "The Otter", a pathetic short story of animal life by Henry William, claimed my attention as containing such humor while browsing through the Living Age, (February, 1937). The humor, thrown in quite effectively, contains a milder tone than the ordinary imposing humor of many articles. Little humorous incidents are especially effective, as the finding of the otter cub, and its introduction to the little spaniel. The dog looked on in a quizzical gaze and smelled the little creature; "he gurgled, he yowled, he barked with puzzled excitement, he licked it, he pushed it with his nose, he licked it again."

Another incident that evoked a pleasant smile was the introducing of the otter cub and the cat to each other's acquaintance. The cat crept stealthily into the scene with an arched back, growling ominously; "she swore undecidedly at it"; she advanced slowly toward it and with a sneer raised her paw in an inevitable position, but pathetically

dropped it when the little creature opened its mouth in an almost inaudible, pleading mew.

But this article is interesting not only because of its humor, but likewise because of its free-flowing, easy style. It is really a pleasing diversion from heavier literature. In comparison I believe it is the medium between the rapid-fire method of journalists, or the cut-short manner of digests, and the long-winded scurrying of essayists. And what could be more pleasing than this, the golden middle course.

Back to the story again: it all began when a stranger related to the author that there was a litter of otter cubs somewhere by the river. Mr. William manages to find the litter from which he raises one as a pet. The pet otter proved faithful until a certain incident excited the animal's natural nomadic instinct. After losing his cherished pet the author climaxes the story with his struggle and anxiety to reclaim it.

Joseph Anthamatten '37

NOT OUR FELIX

by

John Bannon '38
Timid they flee in the scourge of the Red —
No place to hide that is not full of dread —
A cunning black cat with her shining, red eyes
Toys with the mouse before eating her prize.

EXCHANGES

In the editor's own words the December issue of the Fleur De Lis, literary publication of Saint Louis University, is a "symposium on current affairs and their significance to the undergraduate." Purposive writing of this kind is ideal. While it can be carried out to the greatest advantage only in a journal written by the faculty, students, and alumni, the policy deserves the consideration of those responsible for strictly student publications. For while it is true that undergraduates generally lack the breadth and experience necessary to evaluate flawlessly they can with direction consider matters of moment quite judiciously, and they certainly should be led to take a deep interest in these. As they need, however, training in all the forms of writing it does not seem good policy to limit the content of a college journal to the discussion type of theme. Moreover, purposive writing at the expense of variety mars the attractiveness of any journal — the college journal being no exception.

Be that as it may the *Fleur de Lis* undoubtedly has a varied selection of worth-while thought expressed by the faculty, graduate and undergraduate students, and the guest contributor, Father Daniel A. Lord, S. J.

Father Lord's article, "The Greatest of Natural Gifts," is a splendid tribute to the late G. K. Chesterton. Enthusiasm, Chesterton's greatest asset, Father Lord commends and explains in his own delightful style. In this weary, tired, blase age enthusiasm has been

something to shy away from. "Repression was the mark of a cultured mind." Chesterton was in violent contrast to artificialities. He found a zest in everything; he lived, talked, ate, argued with enthusiasm. Life for him was a grand adventure. "Chesterton is not likely to be canonized. But canonized or uncanonized, he is a safe patron to offer to the college man and woman."

Of the faculty contributions "Stalin: the Man of Steel," and "Books, Libraries, Men," seem to me to be the best. The first is an interesting account of the train robber who became "the autocrat of autocrats and Czar of all the Russians," while the latter contains brilliant arguments and an inspiring plea for the more frequent use of the college library. "It is St. Thomas' opinion that the ideal man is the man of self-possession, that is the man who has exploited every potentiality of his mind and controls it." This must be accomplished by reading, since only through books may we find the assorted knowledge necessary for the complete development of the mind.

Among the contributions of the undergraduates a very important and timely lesson is deduced from America's wartime experience in "A Lesson to Democracy." If only we would pay heed to our bitter experience of 1917-18 and their aftermath from 1929 to the present perhaps we would become more wary in evading foreign entanglements in the future. "A Dialogue," reminiscent of the dialogues of Plato, is a really clever and convincing

discussion on the reasons and purposes of a college education.

Of the remaining student offerings "Leftist Fascism," a comparison of the Fascism of Italy with the modified Fascism of Portugal, contains the most in-This centers mainly in the description of the marvelous reforms of Dr. Antonio d'Oliveira Salazar, the dictator of Portugal. When he became Finance Minister in 1928 he performed the Portuguese miracle of balancing the budget — the first time since 1910. "... in five years he paid off the foreign debt and almost amortized the floating debt. Currency was put on a sound basis; both exports and imports increased during the troublous times of 1929-1935. Internal improvements were everywhere and now national prosperity seems assured."

All in all, the *Fleur De Lis* is a scholarly quarterly; a freshman may be forgiven for considering it too ponderous.

The fall edition of the Loyola Quarterly gathers among its contributors three members of the faculty of Loyola University. This causes us to reflect that school spirit is not confined to the student body. One of the professors, who seems to be somewhat of a modernist in the ideal sense of the word, gives a wellbalanced account of the change from the opera of yesterday to the opera of today in the article "Opera Moderne." He proves that the opera is now primarily music providing an accompaniment to a The use of the transition of drama. the novel to the short story brings his point out with remarkable clearness.

"Moments of Glad Grace" made us feel as if we, too, were on the boat with James J. Fitzgerald when he sighted Ireland. At least it awakened in us a desire to see the Emerald Isle. We were especially impressed by his description of the shore of Ireland as he saw it for the first time from the deck of the mail boat. "The bright sun rather low above the distant, peaceful hills and valleys, from the Howth Peninsula on the north to Dun Laoghaire, Kingston and Bray on the south, and the towers and spires of Dublin farther off to the west among the hills."

Sibyllic prophecies would come in handy around examination time if sibyls could be found. But, as the author of "Longaeva Sacerdos" states, it was difficult to find one even in pagan times. Father Mertz' idea that God spoke to His people in ancient times can be acknowledged, as can the thought that some of His intermediaries were sibyls. He offers numerous quotations from the works of St. Augustine and other Roman writers concerning the sibyllic prophecies.

"Inebriate of Air" describes Emily Dickinson from the emotional standpoint. The author quotes a few of her poems to substantiate his thoughts.

The need for structural reform of the government is stressed in the article "The Machinery of Politics." from the essay: "If we are, then, to fit democratic government on the state and local level to the needs of the times, we must first divide the work into two problems: first, that of securing the expression of the popular will in the formation of policy, and, secondly, that of seeing to it that the policies once determined are carried out." The author further asserts that we should start with our local government and work towards the national system. He finishes

EXCHANGES

quoting the words of the Holy Father: "When we speak of the social order, it is primarily the state we have in mind." The argument is clearly set forth and leaves us wondering in our minds if there isn't really a need for structural reform of the government.

Two future radio dramatists produced a story of the last days of Edith Cavell, English war nurse. It relates the episodes leading up to her arrest as a spy against Germany, her court-martial, and the unavailing efforts of friends to save her. If all their work comes up to the standard set by "Valiant Lady," the authors will have no difficulty in finding broadcasting stations willing to dramatize their plays.

We see the Loyola Quarterly limits itself as regards poetry, but the two poems that are published are indicative of the high calibre of the periodical. In the "Taj Mahal" we could picture the emperor Shah Jehan standing on the steps of the great monument dedicating it to his dead wife. The feeling in the other poem, "Evening," was one of devoutness. It recalls a sensation that comes into every person's life at some time or other, a sensation of being more clean in mind and thought than formerly.

"Tragic Vincent" portrays Vincent Van Gogh as a myth, to be wondered at as we would at Ulysses, a Prince Charming, or Miniver Cheevy, Child of Scorn. The author explains that Van Gogh is hard to understand because his works are "incongruous and yet intimately bound up in one another by the strength of his own personality." He proves that strange as Van Gogh may seem, he was sincere and honest in what he produced.

Truly, a generation did live in memories as we read "Heritage." The re-

membrance of happy times with his father and grandfather seemed to mock the young man as the dull realization that his father was now dying filtered into his brain.

The "Law Corner" is one of the best ideas we have seen in a long time. It gives the law students a chance to express their views in a legal form, and helps them also in preparing for their life work. We would advocate a further extension of similar ideas in other professional fields.

We also appreciate the following additional exchanges:

The Salesianum (St. Francis Seminary); The Aquinas (St. Thomas College); St. Mary's Collegian (St. Mary's College, California);

The Xaverian News (Xavier University);
The Exponent (Dayton University);
Duquesne Monthly (Duquesne University);

The Gleaner (St. Joseph's College, Hinsdale, Illinois);

The Pacific Star (Mount Angel College); The Daily Iowan (University of Iowa); The Torch (Valparaiso University);

The Mount (Mt. St. Joseph Junior College);

St. Vincent Journal (St. Vincent's College);

The Marywood College Bay Leaf (Marywood College);

The Gothic (Sacred Heart Seminary);

The Aurora Quarterly (St. Mary-of-the-Woods College);

The Canisius Quarterly (Canisius College);

The Black Hawk (Mount Mary College);
The Chimes (Cathedral College);
The Clepsydra (Mundelein College).

ALUMNI

Although that coy maid nature did exercise her siren allurements a day or two

previous to the meeting

Cook County of the Cook County Alumni alumni on January 26, failed to entice she

more than a few away from the Hamilton Club at 20 South Dearborn St., Chicago, on the occasion itself. Whether any of the boys came on skates, they did not reveal; they were there — thirty-three of them, and every one, from graduates of thirty years ago to downy-chinned Launcelots, a boy for the evening. Only another Oliver Wendell Holmes properly characterize the spirits of those loyalists gathered together.

There was that Braddock bulk of man and manhood, Dr. W. James Barth of the class of '13, who whether he is reminiscing on the basketball and baseball of "those were the days" or leaning over that victim of a crash in Ward C, makes men and angels laugh.

Arthur Bonvouloir, '21, was called away early in the evening, before he had time to give the assembly an account of his experiences. We know, however, that he is engaged in business in Chicago Heights, and we know better still that only his determination could have lured him out "on a night like this." brother, First Lieutenant W. G. Bonvouloir, also of the class of '21, is one of proud Uncle Sam's Infantry Reserves. With him present the group was well protected, as it was well fed by his exceptional preparations as chairman of the committee on arrangements. So say we all of us!

Somewhat closer to the present is Joseph Braun '24, from up on Winona Avenue, number 1312. If the ink of your favorite morning paper spoils the aroma of your coffee call on Joe; he's a printing ink chemist, and he'll take the matter up with the publishers.

"Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Brown." (Apologies to O. W. Holmes). He's only a youngster, is W. J. '32. But let him look into your eyes and he'll tell you that it isn't the odor of the ink but stigmatism that is affecting your vision. He signs himself Dr. W. J. Brown, Optometrist, of 609 S. Perry St., Wapakoneta, Ohio, but is about to open an office in Chicago. Don't be shortsighted; see Dr. Brown.

If Lincoln Avenue is cluttered with traffic it is because of the prospective customers and friends of Norbert A. Busscher '25, real estate and insurance man at 8110 North. As Norbert expresses it, he spent "only two too short years at St. Joe."

When most people think of Carthagena, Ohio, they think of a seminary. True, there is one there, and a real one that of the Community of the Most Precious Blood. But it is also a village with a village church and fertile, rolling plains surrounding. In that vicinity Fred W. Forsthoefel '09, learned how to be an all-American. Since 1909 he has been with the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., with offices at Dayton, Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Cleveland successively. Now he is in Chicago at 311 W. Washington St., and lives at 819 Forest Ave., Evanston. Any trouble with your service, Chicago alumni? Dial F. W. F. '09.

How often haven't you gone into a hardware store to buy your wife a carving set or get a hatchet for Junior. You wouldn't take the "just as good kind"; you insisted on Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co. quality with the O. V. B. trade-mark. "Hibbard's Hardware for Hardwear," says John R. Gabel '14, and he knows; he's purchasing agent for the company. "As everybody knows."

As everybody knows, too, John has (or had) a little brother. Why, yes, it's Medard — Medard A. '21, single yet, and a banker. The Niles Center State Bank where he is employed is one of the few that didn't go holidaying when there was a depression. Medard stayed until the close of the meeting.

The next name has nothing to do with Caesar and his Gallic Wars. The Gaul of whom we speak is Herman J. Jr. '23. He superintended the construction of Science Hall during the past year for the Gaul Architects Co., of which he is a member. That Cassius profile reveals only good schemes brewing.

Deep down in his heart always, and very close to the surface when he speaks, is love for old St. Joe, John F. Hunt '18, enunciated in his address to the assembly. He fearlessly advanced a minority suggestion in favor of homecoming at the Alma Mater in connection with a football game, this to take the place of the traditional spring homecoming. Jack you

will find at 919 N. Michigan Ave. — the Palm Olive Building, where he has his office. The Maxon Advertising Co., Inc. We have it on no less an authority than that of a classmate that in those years previous to 1918 Jack had a real flare for writing. "By George, that's poetry!" was the prof's customary ejaculation after he had read one of those masterly essays to the class. Perhaps it was his poetic learning that suggested Rosalie St., out in Glencoe for his home address.

A little politics of the right kind mixed in to season things is Emmet Jeffers' conviction. Along with some of those boys already mentioned he is in the twenties, having belonged to the class of '24. But the Cook County Treasurer knows what he has to do, with this expert auditor on the job. Emmett is also precinct committeeman of the fifteenth ward.

Having decided on the alphabetical order, to it we shall stay even though the next boy by right of office should head the list. John Kallal '19, president of the Cook County aggregation, may call himself "Just a stooge for the butter-and-egg man from Park Ridge, Bosco Lear," but the City Engineers don't think so. We are sure the west side will get its super highway, with John fighting for it. If you want a parliamentary knot entangled just let him ungavel it.

Arnold Lunn gives us the cue for the next man by the title of his book, *Now I See;* another reason why the banquet on the twenty-sixth was such a treat is that committeeman Anthony J. Kirchen '11 is a banker.

Ex officio the next letter in the soup stands for lawyer, Bernard Bosco Lear '19. He can tell you the *quare* of any

case in point, and "even though vanquished he can argue still." To get around his spacious office at 612 N. Michigan Ave. the new outer drive is being constructed. Bosco led a discussion on the advisability of having some athletic contests played in Chicago. It would indeed be fair play toward those staunch supporters from Lake and Cook Counties.

North siders sometimes think that the old god Vulcan has returned to his smithy until they discover that the clanging heard at 5110 Brown Street, Niles Center, is J. Joseph Meier's printing press going full blast. Joe is a printer of reputation. Try him on your next consignment of letterheads; you will go out of your way thereafter to patronize him. And we weren't paid for making this insertion. Joe, by the way, left St. Joe in '24.

So did George H. Phillip, who is now manager of a cigar store at 1539 N. Cicero Ave. And, ah me, neither of these boys is single any more. George lives at 2003 N. Karlov Ave., where seven years of curls and three of daddy's own pep and enthusiasm enjoy the aroma of those good cigars when he gets home.

Macedonia had its Alexander — a most venturesome chap; the south side has one too, equally renowned locally. The younger of the Puetz brothers completed his work only in '29. He is still cutting up, he says, and he means to continue, for he is with his father, dealing in wholesale meats. Alex insists that he is single.

Back to Niles Center we must go to find the elder of the brothers, John Puetz '22. John was much at home at the Hamilton Club, for, you know, he's

deputy village collector and a republican. Luckily political meetings were not in season, so we had John with us at our gathering. We know the inauguration in Washington would not have taken him out of town.

By right of profession George J. Rick '24, holds his office of secretary-treasurer of the Cook Countiers. He's an accountant for Armour & Co., single, pleasant, progressive. Politically he is rather noncommittal, but you can never tell.

At 1318 N. Wells St. stands the real estate office of Anthony J. Saccone '06, the youngest of the boys who were present. "Gray temples at twenty? Yes! white if you please! Where the snowflakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!" Delicious as that steak was, we wonder whether Anthony will not some time in the future prepare for the group a real ravioli banquet with all the trimmings.

Not everything goes in pairs since the days of the ark, but we did have two men engaged in advertising at our meeting. The second was Charles K. Schmidt '25, who is in the advertising service with the *Chicago Daily News*. Charles lives in Cicero, where he has a little boy and girl of whom he is very proud.

Of engineers there are gobs, and in each gob there is a variety. The one of whom we speak is the stationary kind, but only speaking mechanically. Clarence Sieben '23, is chief engineer of the Sieben Corporation — first class producers of the well-known Sieben perfectly lagered beer. When down from Milwaukee or up from St. Louis taste "Das Beste Was Gibt" at 1464 N. Larrabee St. Clarence was married "last year." To which we add "only," for the date was Dec. 31.

ALUMNI

Just a little less recently married was John C. Theobold, '25, of Cary, whose father, Dr. Frank Theobold, is among the oldest alumni — way back in 1901. Maybe John had to catch a train because he left so early; it is a long way to Cary. Or did he hasten back to the company of Mrs. Theobold? We hesitate to ask! John is with the Commonwealth Edison Co. in Chicago.

No sooner had Eugene F. Wuest '27, auditor for the Pure Oil Co., transferred from Newark, New Jersey to Chicago than he joined the ranks of the Cook County boosters. One remark of his we must not pass: "Married, and have one future football player." His address is 1239 Greenleaf Avenue, many will be happy to learn.

We have completed the alphabet, if not from A to Z, almost. We know that you will agree that the mixture spelt a tasty reunion. The twenty-five boys, however, had additional seasoning; to the ingredients of the cauldron we have the pleasure of adding seven more letters — the names of the boys who came from Lake County Ind. as guests. Cletus Dunn '25, is with the Sinclair Refining Co. at East Chicago; Albert J. Glueckert '25, manages a retail lumber yard in Hammond; Clarence A. Kussmaul '10, is connected with the Federal Housing Administration at Hammond; Joseph La Mere '20, keeps peace in every family by selling Maytags; A. Mac McCoy '21, president of the Calumet chapter, is in the sales department of the Continental Roll and Steel Foundry; the Rev. Bernard Scharf '23, professes to be a coeducational teacher at Central High School; the Rev. Isidore Stadtherr '21, collects a stamp

from each Slovak baby he baptizes at St. John's, Whiting.

When one remembers the icing Indianapolis Blvd. had received which made driving so precarious that all these gentlemen had to commute by the South Shore route, one is the more appreciative of their presence. A gathering of thirty-three (there were a couple others present whose names we did not get) on such a night as this turned out to be was an excellent representation. Those who didn't get to attend may well regret the genuine fun they missed.

Rev. Leo A. Pursley '21, chaplain of the Newman Club of Purdue University, voices his impression of THE COLLEGIAN as follows: "—It seems to me that I find The Collegian this year more interesting and varied in subject matter and more attractive in its general outward features. The idea of a Guest Editorial strikes me as something new in student publications. Anyhow it's a good idea. But the student contributions are also, in my opinion, unusually high in quality." Thank you, Father, for your note of praise, as well as for the criticism you extended.

When Buck Brenner was caught sneaking in from the gravel pit swimming pool and how later one Do You of the faculty mem-

Remember bers, reviewing that and similar esca-

pades, made a remark to Brenner which supplied his monicker "Buck"? (C. L. Koors, '22.)

Who saw one of the St. Xavier heavy-weights catapult the Blue Queen into the south end of the basketball court, and remembers how the Blue Queen was picked up in a heap? (L. J. S. '21)

Whenever it rained a day straight no one thought of blaming "Jupiter Pluvius," but all called the darned place "the most God-forsaken place on earth"?

When we moved into Ohio it was the same old story there. (I. J. S. '21)

Kike Strecker putting a billiard ball into his mouth on a bet, and the job he had getting it out? (Editor's note — Don't try this stunt). (C. Holsinger '21)

The Jacques La Mere — Tombstone Honningford vaudeville combination? (Mac McCoy '21)



ST. PATRICK'S DAY

bу

William Callahan '37

The keening of the sidhe
Singing softly from their caves
Seems to find a joyous echo
In the singing of the waves,
While the bells of Armagh ringing
Sing a greeting to the sun
And the sun in answer beaming
Greets the people He has won,
And the shamrocks fresh and green
As they cluster by the way
Are seeming just a wee bit greener
As they greet St. Patrick's Day.

And though her proud and purest bosom Still betrays a foreign stain, Yet the dark, dark Rose of Erin For this day, at least, is vain.

THE MAN OF A DECADE

When ten years ago the Rev. Joseph B. Kenkel, C.PP.S., Ph.D., accepted the duties and responsibilities of president of St. Joseph's the college was prospering. With halls and classrooms filled to capacity nothing but a future bright in prospect could have been anticipated. Father Kenkel could not know then that he was destined to guide the institution through vicissitudes of fortune that would have cowed the spirit of a less capable, more timid man. Came the depression, a catastrophe which wrecked many a fortune, closed the doors of banks and business establishments, and blasted the hopes of a number of leaders placed in positions similar to his. Even a necessary change of policy which added to the leanness of the years did not dampen the courage of this determined executive, who with persevering will tempered all things to the good of the college, and with masterful hand and paternal care subjected all to her ultimate welfare. More than that, Father Kenkel led toward and partially accomplished an increased growth and expansion, so that today, as he resigns the task that has been his, St. Joseph's stands more firmly than ever before and points toward a future brighter than ever.

As you leave us, dear Father, to enjoy a brief respite from scholastic cares, we thank you for all that you have been to us and done for us; we wish you heartily pleasant relaxation after your long period in office; we shall welcome your return next autumn as a professor to be our guide and inspiration, to give us the benefit of your learning and experience when we attend the classes that you will conduct.

CAMPUS

Locals

On Saturday night, the twenty-third of January, the students were given the unusual treat of watching the former all-American basketball player from Notre Dame, our own Coach Ray De-Cook, perform against the greatest professional team in the country, The Renaissance, a group of colored all-stars.

From the viewpoint of an ordinary spectator the game was interesting to the nth degree. The colored boys put on a sparkling exibition of passing, shooting, and teamwork. Almost unbelievable was the ease with which these professionals tossed the ball through the hoop, scoring whenever they felt the urge. The high light of the game was the passing exhibition displayed in the third quarter of the fray. It was phenomenal passwork, pure and simple; for five minutes the ball was bounced, rolled, twisted and shot around the floor in such a confident manner that the five defensive players might just as well have been sitting in the stands.

From the viewpoint of the students of St. Joseph's College, though, the game was an added thrill, for Coach DeCook showed that age is not creeping up on him at all. He stood out by far the best player on the white team, ringing up four field goals and one charity toss to lead the scoring for his team. One of his baskets, a solo dribble through the entire colored team, was one of the outstanding feats of the game. If there

had been five DeCooks on the white aggregation the colored boys might have found the going a lot tougher than they expected.

The date for the Monogram Club Spring Formal has been set for May first. The committees on arrangements have no further report to make as yet.

FIRST SEMESTER HONORS

The following tabulations show the grades of the three students highest in their respective classes in both the college and high school departments.

College Department

YEAR	NAME	GRADE
Junior	Robert Kaple	95
	Norbert Dreiling	94
	Richard Trame	92
Sophomore	Norman Fisher	98
	William Callahan	95
	Caspar Bonifas	94
Freshman	Ernest Lukasiewicz	94
	Edward Homco	93
	Luke Knapke	92

High School Department

YEAR	NAME	GRADE
Senior	Walter Dery	96
	William Kramer	92
	Robert Siebeneck	92
Junior	James Gerstbauer	95
	Thomas Taylor	94
Sophomore	Eugene Klyczeck	94
	Stephen Hurley	86

CAMPUS

Freshman Franklin Klumpe 95
Howard Haman 87
August Enz 86

-

Sounds sort of bizarre to label a column "The Pin Cushion," but this column is going to be queer.

The You know, my read-

The You know, my read-Pin Cushion ers, when you shove a pin into a cushion

it never bellows. Now when this column shoves a pin into your worthy or worthless hides, just act like the cushion, don't bellow; take it, for the columnist assures you that no harm is meant, no malicious slander is being broached. The column merely wishes to get in a humorous dig here and there. It's all good, clean fun. Come on, you cushions—take it.

A certain gay Lothario who is about five feet eight inches tall, weighs a hundred and ninety pounds (or is it 300), has a mop of curly, chestnut, locks(and how the girls go for it), and can beat Chesty Thompson in ping pong any day of the week, seems to be walking around in a daze lately. Recently when asked to rack up the billiard balls he answered in an absent tone, "Yes, Helen."

Number please, Robert.

Sitting at the same table in the refectory with the New Bavaria kid, I have discovered a few things about the little lad. Lately he has been watching his calories very carefully, eating only those things which are good for him. I wonder if the influence of that beautiful young health teacher from Rensselaer High School is asserting itself. Take it easy, Iris, Paul's losing weight.

It seems that a certain campus daily went up in the air like a rocket, and fell just like a burned-out firework. It's a shame to see it fail, after the sponsors talked their paper up so much. The column would give a few reasons for its failure. Maybe Bird Dog's fifty in French accounts for it; the lad is using all his spare time studying now. (I got a quarter to put this in the COLLEGIAN) Or could it be Burrel's interest in the five and dime in Rensselaer. You know, Burrel was a co-editor. Or as a very remote cause, there might have been a little work attached to the Rag.

Get your hunting licenses, local curb stone cuties. The following chaps are potentially dateless for the coming dance.

> Robert Gutting Robert Whelan Robert Gertie Eisenerie

It seems that the Bobs have it. Eisenerie likes them short, brunette, sensible, and with plenty of money. Whelan says he isn't at all fussy, and Gutting has never had a date in his life. One at a time, girls; we'll take all applications through this office.

Dick Palmer has been seen daily working out on his six per cent stomach in Turner Hall. Why the sudden display of energy, Richard? Could it be that you have been reading Charles Atlas? Or could it be the fact that your girl is coming down to visit you in a few weeks? Your table mates suggest that you start training in the refectory.

Don't forget, boys; the cushion never bellows.

E. J. J. '39

SPORTS

St. Joe 34 Manchester 38

With both teams emphasizing utmost caution and steady defensive play during the first period, the inevitable result was a rather drab affair. But even so, the Manchester five, using a fast breaking offense, penetrated the Cards' defense for eight baskets. Beck, a shifty forward, was responsible for three of these baskets which he sunk in quick succession. Throughout this period the Cards' best efforts were worth only four field goals. St. Joes trailed at half time 16-9.

In the second period the game took on a more athletic aspect. Michalewicz and Badke put us back in the running with two beautiful shots. Then Weyer and Snider somewhat livened up the contest by exchanging a few harmless, though well intentioned, lefts and rights. But the brawl was short-lived, for Shank, rising to the occasion, stepped between the pugilists. The referee promptly ejected Shortly after this uprising, both men. Badke contracted his fourth personal foul, and also departed from the game. Regardless of these losses the Cards continued to climb until they knotted the score at 27 all. Soon, however, Sapp, the mighty atom, and Dubois pulled the game off the fire with four well aimed longs. From then on the Manchester boys were especially cautious lest the Cards get too close to the bucket. Michalewicz emerged from the game with nine points to his credit, followed closely by Badke with eight, and Scharf with seven.

HUNTINGTON RETALIATES IN RETURN
GAME 51-33

The Huntington five is a fighting five; they are in the game from start to finish. If they were over in Spain fighting with the Spanish insurgents Mussolini would not have to send a detachment of his men over to help win the victory. This they demonstrated again, in the return game played on their home floor, Feb. 6.

Led by Scharf, who once again carried off the high scoring laurels with five field goals, St. Joe took an early lead and retained possession of it until the intermission, at which time the score showed 23-18. With their long shots hampered by the low ceiling Weyer, Badke, and Shank could not establish contact with the hoop. But the combined accuracy of Jerry Yocis and Stuff Scharf was enough to keep us out in front.

In the second half the Cardinal offense took a nose dive. At the same time the Huntington boys took a fancy to shooting and began to garner a point here and a point there until they had forged ahead to a comfortable lead. securing this lead they became a mite rough, much to the chagrin of the officials, who, it seemed, were waiting for their second correspondence lesson to arrive to discover how to cope with the situation. Anyhow, both the Cardinal and the Huntington machines, which heretofore had been at least functioning, blew a number of cylinder heads as Scharf, Badke, and Shank left the game via the

SPORTS

personal foul route, and Michel, Brink-erhoff, and Clark did the exeunt omnes for Huntington. Interspersed with this avalanche of fouls were a few field goals for St. Joe, four to be precise, and quite a few—exactly eleven—for Huntington.

The aftermath exposes one salient point, namely, that the Cardinals are definitely not capitalizing on their free throws. Out of twenty tosses allotted to them through the generosity of the officials only five were successful. In contradistinction to this all-time low mark, Huntington made fifteen out of twenty-one possibilities.

St. Joe Bows Again to Manchester 44-38

The game proved to be the most interesting and hard fought struggle that we have witnessed on the home floor this season. Both teams were in topnotch form, but, alas and alack, Manchester was just a notch higher.

At the outset the Cards piled up a commanding lead of ten points, but ere the half arrived Dubois, Shively, and Beck had hacked it down to a tie at 23 all. Scharf started the fray by dropping one in after taking a neat pass from Barney Badke. Then followed successive buckets by Shank and Badke. The Manchester quintet, however, was not content to let the score remain as it was. Accordingly Beck came through with an extremely uncanny shot. Close on the heels of this one were several more by Dubois, the cotton-top chap with that very disconcerting under-the-basket shot.

In the second half Manchester assumed a four point lead and maintained it quite consistently throughout the remainder of the spree, although on two occasions the Cards did approach within one point of tying the count.

Dubois, Manchester forward, was high pointer, with thirteen to his credit. For the defeated Cards Shank and Scharf each connected for eleven.

Sно	OTING	STARS		
	F.G.	F.T.	P.F.	T.P.
Scharf	47	10	19	104
Badke	27	19	23	73
Michalewicz	21	8	8	48
Shank	20	7	24	47
Yocis	13	6	14	32
Furst	3	1	3	7
Kleinhenz	1	1	2	3
Weyer	1	0	7	2
Anderson	0	0	1	0

*Includes the Manchester game played here on the night of February 10, 1937.

High School Trounces Reminston 26-15

Fritz Miller's boys are tall and well-built, but they are not gifted with the knack of propelling the spheroid through the basket. Consequently the Junior Cardinals experienced little difficulty in grasping the long end of the score.

Petit's clever defensive play under the Remington basket was nothing short of stellar. He furthermore nabbed the high point position with ten points.

Harold Eder nipped in the bud many a Remington offensive drive by intercepting their passes. His defensive tactics in general were such as to cause untold consternation to the Remington boys.

Junior Cards Romp Over St. Paul of Marion 37-15

The St. Paul quintet had little to offer

in the way of experience or sharp shooting, but they did give evidence of being a group of clean-cut athletes with stout, fighting hearts that were unacquainted with the word "quit." It was precisely this never-say-die spirit that made the game, which might easily have turned into a free scoring affair for the Junior Cards, interesting.

The high schoolers looked like the real stuff, particularly the first team. Petit was all over the floor, blocking a shot here, looping one in there, and withal very unperturbed. Waddle was the ball-handler de luxe of the evening. When it comes to worming through two or three opposing players to get under the basket, our hats are off to Lesch. As for the guarding of Harold Eder and Ormsby, and for the entire team, it speaks for itself. They held St. Paul's five scoreless during the first quarter, and down to two points during the second period.

High scorer for the evening was Petit with ten; while runner-up honors go to Lesch with eight.

Intramural Standings
College League

	W.	L.	Pct.
Sophomores	3	0	1.000
Juniors	3	0	.666
Freshmen	1	2	.333
Fourths	0	3	.000

The Sophomores, because of, or despite (I do not commit myself) their mentor, Harold "Me and The Moon" Dorsten, are securely established on the top of the heap, and it's our surmise that they will not be dislodged. While the entire Sophomore squad is composed of seasoned veterans, it is to Jones, tall, deeply tanned, and colorful center, that the spectator's fancy turns. In there every minute is Butch fighting — giving his all, always playing a clean, masterful game.

	High	School Leag	gue	
		W.	L.	Pct.
Seconds		3	0	1.000
Thirds		1	2	.333
Fourths		1	2	.333
Firsts		1	2	.333

In the high school league the Seconds decidedly upset the dope bucket, leaving the other three classes floundering in their wake. Fourths or Firsts, they all look alike to the Seconds — a scrappy bunch if ever there was one.



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March 17 - 18

Annabella — Henry Fonda
in "WINGS OF MORNING"

March 19 - 20

Peter Lorre - Brian Donleyy in "CRACKUP"

March 21 - 23

Loretta Young - Tyrone Power in "LOVE IS NEWS"

March 24 - 25

Victor McLaglen — June Lang in "NANCY STEELE IS MISSING"

March 26 - 27

Pat O'Brien — Sybil Jason in "THE GREAT O'MALLEY"

March 28 - 30

Simone Simon — James Stewart in "SEVENTH HEAVEN"

March 31 - April 1

Claire Trevor — Michael Whalen in "TIME OUT FOR ROMANCE"

THE PALACE

March 14 - 16

Merle Oberon — Brian Aherne in "BELOVED ENEMY"

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